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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—James S. Rearson.
Auditor General—Lyon G. McCauley.
Secy of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
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Members of Assembly—Jesse L. Richmond, Smethport; E. A. Dempsey, Bradford.
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Sheriff—J. P. Davis, Smethport.
Treasurer—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—J. W. Campbell, Kane.
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Jury Commr—Walter Shumaker, Wm. Brooker.
Auditors—C. W. Freeman, C. C. Casson, Jr., Bradford; A. R. Coy, Coryville.
Mercantile Appraiser—Geo. Richards, Kane.
Coroner—E. E. Sherman.
County School Supt—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

SMETHPORT.

Burgess—L. E. Hamilton.
Council—D. C. Young, president; Warley Gifford, secretary; J. Culbertson, treasurer; Carl Boyer, Burg Clendenin, Ed. Habgarbard, Chas. Hamilton.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—H. L. Burlingame.
School Directors—S. E. Mayo president, Jane E. Farquhar secretary, Emma Gifford treasurer, Katherine McKean, Jno. N. Appels, J. A. Holden.
Collector—S. E. Daly.
Assessor—Francis Freeman.
Auditors—C. E. Mayo, John Eastman, Oscar Hamilton.
Judge of Election—Carl Stone.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, W. E. McCannon.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 268, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
NEHEMIAH GORTON, W. M.
W. F. BUSKEY, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 333, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Philosophy degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
D. L. HAVEN, N. G.
E. M. CHOATE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No., 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. G. FELTON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE Scribe.

CYRILLA REBEKAH LODGE, No. 30, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY L. LYMAN, N. G.
MARIE DUNN, Secy.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 247, meets First and Third Thursday even ngs, of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
K. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Rachus Block.
Mrs. KATE L. WRIGHT, Pres.
Mrs. ROSE PRINCE, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS of ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Keystone Encampment, No. 77, meet 1st and 3d Thursday evening in Rachus Hall.
E. L. KNAPP, Em. Com.
W. H. WETHERALL, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 169, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Rachus Block.
SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. hall, Rachus Block.
WASHINGTON STARK, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 46 Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Rachus Block, Tuesday afternoon.
Miss ANNA B. GIFFORD, Com.
Miss MYRTLE GIFFORD, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 86, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Rachus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. A. SCULL, Pres't.
Mrs. E. S. RICHMOND Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 34, meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Rachus Hall.
JONATHAN COLEGROVE, Pres.
Miss ADDIE E. SCULL, Secy.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—I. T. WALKER, D. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young converts' meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m. every sunday evening. Covenant meetings saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Episcopal—J. HERER MCCANDLESS, Rector—services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HERER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. Michael Flood, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 1 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

United Brethren at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sunday, sunday school at 1:30 p. m. Preaching at 2:30 p. m. by Rev. T. R. Taylor.

Universalist—Rev. W Burrows, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class Meeting 1:30 p. m. and after evening preaching; Children's Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Germania Church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 1:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 1:30 p. m.; Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

M. E. Stone.
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C. E. Judd
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Office: COUDERSPORT, PA.
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Shaffer & Shaffer,
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Every purchaser of goods to the amount of $1.00 or more and paying cash will be given a discount of 5 cents on each dollar purchase, at

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JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
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Open day and night. Ladies' dining parlor. Quick lunch for all trains. Our specialty—25c. dinners.

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accomodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars
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First-class in every respect. Bar is supplied with the best wines and liquors. European plan.

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New house, new furniture. First-class in every respect. Particular attention paid to the traveling public. Good sample rooms for commercial men.

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Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
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Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

W. C. ROCKWELL,
"THE FLORIST,"
BRADFORD, PA.
Cut Flowers for Weddings, Parties and Funerals.
TELEPHONE 190

THE STORY OF A DRUM.

A regiment in motion and the rattle of a drum,
With a rat, tat, tat! and rat, tat, tum!
Fear is on the face of some,
Others stepping with aplomb,
And steady is the patter and the clatter of the drum.

Sweeping lines in evolution, fast the wheeling columns come,
And a thousand men are stepping to the tap, ping of the drum.
There are countenances glum,
There are senses dull and numb,
But a boy is stepping proudly there, he's play ing on the drum.

The rage and roar of battle, and the rattle of a drum,
The shrapnel shot are flying with a zip! and a zum!
Grim shells exploding come,
And the bullets in a and bum,
But a drum still echoes loudly. Will the thing be never mum!

Darkness on the field of battle, where the body seekers come;
The storm of death is ended and displayed the struggle's sum—
A pallid face, a drum;
There is blood, and both are dumb.
A story of a drummer and a story of a drum.
—T. T. McIntyre in New York Sun.

A GUYED REPORTER.

"About ten years ago," said a man who used to be a newspaper reporter out west, "I got a queer assignment from the city editor of the Chicago paper that paid me wages. Frank Perley, who's now the 'impresario' of a traveling comic opera outfit, blew into Chicago ahead of Barnum's show. He got the thing going pretty well from the jump.

"In the first place, he told all of the city editors that the star panther of the show was going to have an ulcerated tooth pulled out by a local veterinary sharp on the Sunday morning following the arrival of the show in town on Saturday night. Each paper sent a man down to see this performance, and Perley got gobs of reading space for his show out of it.

"The panther had an ulcerated tooth all right and put up a highly interesting scrap when the animal doctor detached the molar, but the thing certainly did fit in mighty pat for ante-exhibition space grabbing all the same.

"Then Perley blandly suggested to the city editors that it would be a good scheme for each of them to send a man to the show for the purpose of writing an absorbingly interesting Sunday special on 'Circus Life Behind the Scenes.' All of the city editors side stepped on this proposition except the city editor of my paper, who thought it would be a good thing.

"I was picked out for the job. I couldn't precisely see why I should get the assignment, for I wasn't notable as a spellbinder or a coverer of freak assignments. I found out afterward why the task was poked at me. I was a very humble quantity on the paper and noted all around for the sweetness of my disposition.

"There was to be a put up job, and I was singled out as a good thing, not liable to get mad and tear things loose.

"I went to the show grounds with Perley for the first afternoon performance of the circus. Perley took me around to the men's dressing tent and introduced me to Nero. Nero was the huge chap who took the titular role in the big 'Fall of Rome' spectacle that preceded the show.

"Nero asked me what kind of a make up I wanted for the spectacle. Any old make up, I told him. So he started in to help me togout as a Persian prince.

"When he got through with me, I guess I had on a good $20,000 or $30,000 worth of clothes and other gear; at least I felt as if I had. The long tapestry robe I wore was incrusted with hundreds of large diamonds, sapphires, rubies, pearls, emeralds and such. The scimiter that swung from the side of me was jewel hilted up to the limit, the tall cloth of gold head thing that Nero gave me to put on was also a blaze of jewels, and, finally, the kingly mace that I had to pack around me as a part of my equipment—it weighed about 30 pounds—was so thickly studded with precious stones that I wondered what chance I'd have of getting away if I bolted with the thing.

"Now, an easy role in the spectacular show was dished out to me. All I had to do was to stretch out on a gorgeous gilded palanquin, with my head resting gracefully on one hand, and be carried around the tent in the grand, triumphal procession by 12 Roman soldiers with Connemara faces on them. There was nothing hard looking about that, and I breathed easier when I found that, after all, I wasn't expected to hop out into the center of the main ring and do a limelight skirt dance alone and unaided.

"'All yousa is got to do,' said Nero, who was, by all odds, the finest looking broth of a man that I ever saw in my life, 'is t' lay still on da top o' da catafalsh an' keep your head closed, see? Yousa is got a purty part. Don't grin. Try an look as if yousa had just been t'rowed down by a barkeep, an yousa'll look ugly, all right.'

"When the moment arrived, I hopped aboard of the palanquin, the 12 Roman soldiers got hold of the legs of the same, and I shot up in the air. Looking down over the side, it seemed to me as if I was about a mile up in the air, and I shuddered to think of what would happen to me supposing the 12 Roman soldiers decided to strike for more wages while they had me in that elevated position on the palanquin.

"But the blare of the music and the howls of the boys in the seats drove these ideas out of my head. I stretched out as per programme, with my huge mace beside me, and tried to look as savage as possible—for, you see, I was supposed to be a captive Persian prince, swiped in one of the eastern raids of the victorious Roman army.

"The thing went pretty well for the first part of the trip. The boys in the seats threw it at me pretty hard, of course. They didn't like that recumbent attitude of mine. They regarded me as a lazy drifter, lying there prone, with a lot of husky men compelled to pack me around.

"'Get out o' da wagon, ya dago dude,' they hooted at me, 'an give dem Roman Mulligan sojers a chanst for der white alley!'

"I didn't pay any attention to these gibes, however, but the route around the big tent surely seemed a long one. But I didn't know what was in store for me. About half way around the tent was the press box. I didn't know this until—well, until I saw my friends in the box. There were about 250 of them, I guess.

"Perley stood right in the middle of the bunch. He had got 'em all to take a part of the afternoon off 'just to give me a send off' on my debut as a circus guy; also Perley had arranged that there should be a hitch in the procession just as my palanquin bore directly in front of the press box. It must have been a very serious hitch, for my palanquin was in front of the press box for quite ten minutes. The 12 Roman soldiers were given the word to drop the palanquin and take a rest. They didn't stand on the order of dropping it, but dropped it at once—with such suddenness that my feet shot up into the air and my head, steadied by the cushions, remained down on the floor. I could not see, but I could hear, and I must have been a sight for a fact.

"Well, while I was straightening myself out my pals in the press box began to bid me welcome. They gave me an ovation. All of 'em had brought along those big rattling things that you turn around on a handle and horns and tin whistles and things like that, and for the ten minutes that the prearranged hitch lasted they gave me the greatest ovation you ever heard in your life.

"They leaned over the rail of the box and talked at me familiarly, calling me by my nickname and mentioning out loud numerous humiliations events in my checkered life.

"Then they all howled in chorus under the leadership of Perley, who directed the howls with a cane that he used for a baton. It was great, that's what it was. All I could do was to lie there on that dermal cushioned thing and grin. I didn't say a word—just grinned.

"They congratulated me in vociferous tones on the hit I was making, and the whole tenfold of people caught on. I was the whole show on that afternoon performance of Barnum's circus, and you want to remember that. The whole tenfold of folks took up the yawing, and you talk about a man feeling like Roman coin!

"Finally, to my intense relief, the hitch up in the front part of the procession—the hitch manufactured by Perley—was at an end, and my 12 Roman palanquin bearers hoisted me up in the air again.

"Then my friends in the press box gathered themselves for one huge, final expression of their enthusiasm. Howls failed them in this, and so they buried me under an avalanche of fish horns, rattles, whistles and things—little offerings they shouted, indicative of their esteem and appreciation of my fine appearance on any sawdust.

"I made a careful search for Perley after I got my togs off, but Perley did not appear to want me to find him. I guess he knew that I'd probably have a few personally conducted remarks to make to him."—Washington Post.

THE WITCH'S CURSE.

A GLOOMY OLD LEGEND OF THE TOWN OF BUCKSPORT, ME.

The Imprecations and Prophecy of the Condemned Woman on the Scaffold Recalled by a Strange Blemish on Col. Buck's Tombstone.

Close by the country road on the outskirts of the sleepy old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot, down in Maine, is a small family cemetery. Within the inclosure, with its high iron fence, in the quiet and almost gloomy shade, sleep the Bucks, the blueblooded and aristocratic clan which first settled the town and bequeathed it their name—and a legend.

Of the many moss grown tablets and monuments the largest and most conspicuous is a tall granite shaft in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription:

COL. JOHN BUCK,
The Founder of Bucksport.
A. D. 1762.
Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1718.
Died March 13, 1798.

On the other side is the single word "Buck," and also something not wrought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious outline, irregular and describing that which can easily be imagined to be the form of a foot of normal size. Some people say that it is a foot, but those are of the superstitious town folk who believe the legend which has been choice stock in Bucksport for many years.

They that delight in perpetuating this story say that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very stern and harsh man and the leading spirit of his day and generation. His word was law in the community. He was the highest in civil authority and his decision as immovable as the granite hills that loom up in the haze of the northern horizon.

He was most Puritanical, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy. Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamorings of the populace Colonel Buck ordered her to be imprisoned, and later, after a mere form of a hearing, she was sentenced to be executed as a witch. She pleaded to Buck for her life, but as to a heart of stone.

The day of the execution came and the condemned woman went to the gallows cursing her judge with such terrible imprecations that the people shuddered, but the magistrate stood unmoved and made a sign to the officers to hasten the arrangements. All was ready and the hangman was about to perform his gruesome duty when the woman turned to Colonel Buck and raising one hand to heaven as if to direct her last words on earth pronounced this astounding prophecy:

"Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only true and living God which bids me speak them to you. You will soon die. Over your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know where your bones are crumbling into dust. But listen! Upon that stone the imprint of my foot will appear, and for all time, long after your accursed race has perished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman. Remember well, Jonathan Buck, remember well!"

Then she turned to her executioners and another act, one of the forever ineffaceable blots, was made a part of American colonial history.

The "witch's curse," as it was called, and is to this day, was almost forgotten until many years afterward, when the monument was erected to the memory of Bucksport's founder. It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered upon it. This gradually grew more and more distinct until some one made the startling discovery that it was the outline of a foot which some supernatural draftsman had traced on the granite. The old legend was revived and the Buck cemetery was for years the Mecca of the superstitious and curious for miles around.

The "witch's curse" had been fulfilled, they said. An attempt was made to remove the stain, but all efforts tended only to bring the outline out in bolder relief. The stain or whatever it was seemed to penetrate to the very center of the stone.

The hinges of the big gate have creaked for the last time to admit a Buck. The last of the race has been laid to rest beneath the oaks and maples, and the setting sun throws the shadow of the once mighty Colonel Jonathan Buck's monument athwart the double row of mossy mounds, as if still exerting his authority, and the same rays light that mysterious tracing held up to the view of all that pass and repass along the dusty turnpike.

The imprint of the foot is a fact and is there today as plain as ever. The legend of the "witch's curse" may or may not be a fact. The fanciful defend the legend, but the practical point out the apparent discrepancy between the dates of the era of witchcraft persecution and the regime of Colonel Buck. They say that the stain is simply an accidental fault in the granite, and that the legend was made to fit the foot and not the foot the legend. But the foot is there.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Witty Gallery God.

At a performance of "Faust" in Cork, Ireland, the gentleman who enacted the part of Mephistopheles was so stout that the trapdoor was too small to permit his descent to the infernal regions, and all of his person above the waist was still visible over the stage. One of the gallery gods, noticing his dilemma, exclaimed, "Begorra, the place is full!"

Garlic came from Asia and has been used since the earliest times. It formed part of the diet of the Israelites in Egypt and was used by Greek and Roman soldiers and African peasants.

A Wounded Name

By Brig. Gen. Charles King, U. S. A.

A CHARMING STORY OF LIFE IN THE ARMY

Every reader of fiction is familiar with the stories of Captain Charles King. He has written many and they are all good.

He is now Brigadier General Charles King. Although higher in rank as a soldier he holds the same rank as a writer—an unusually high one.

We have purchased the serial rights for this section of one of General King's most fascinating stories.

A WOUNDED NAME

It is a story of army life but it deals largely with the social side.

It is full of interest and excitement and is charmingly told. Love plays its part and helps in the end to unravel the complicated tangle into which the characters find themselves.

It is a strong story and one which we think our readers will thoroughly enjoy.

The first chapters will be printed soon and others will follow regularly. Don't miss the first ones.

Gun Cotton.

We had come into the storeroom for torpedoes at the Brooklyn navy yard and the talk turned to high explosives.

"We have to keep a sharp watch on the gun cotton," said one of the gunners who were with me, "to see that it does not get dry and does not get too acid. There is never a day goes by on a battleship but careful inspection is made of the stores of gun cotton. Dip in a piece of litmus paper and see if it comes out blue. If it does, all is well, but beware if it comes out red. That means acid, and acid means danger."

"What do you do when it comes out red?" I asked.

"Neutralize the acid. You see, gun cotton deteriorates a lot in an acid solution."

"Do you always keep the gun cotton wet?"

"Always. That's one of the first principles. When it's wet, it's safe; when it's dry, it isn't. Let it have all the water it will soak up, which is about 30 per cent."

"Suppose you were to touch off some gun cotton here on the ground, what would happen?"

"Nothing at all if it wasn't confined. You might burn a ton of it like cordwood in a bonfire. But pack it in a tin box, even a flimsy one, and you'll have fun. And, of course, the stronger the box the more fun you'll have."—Boston Globe.

Pigs and Witchcraft.

Two women of the lower class were quarreling violently the other evening in Heavitree, a suburb of Exeter. One yelled to the other: "You wretch, you always keep a black and a white pig, so that you can witch us! You ought to be scragged!" The one so addressed, it seems, had lived in her cottage some 90 years. She has during this period, it is said, always kept a couple of pigs, one of each color, and her neighbors consider she does this so that she may enjoy the very questionable powers of witchcraft. No butcher in the neighborhood will buy her pigs as if he were known to do so he would certainly lose the local custom upon which he relies.—Notes and Queries.

Obedience of Orders.

A naval commander in the reign of Queen Anne was ordered to cruise with a squadron within certain limits on the coast of Spain. Having received information that a Spanish fleet was in Vigo beyond his limits, he resolved to risk his personal responsibility for the good of his country. He accordingly attacked and defeated the Spanish fleet with uncommon gallantry. When he joined the admiral under whom he served, he was ordered under arrest, and was asked, if he did not know that by the articles of war he was liable to be shot for disobedience of orders.

He replied with great composure that he was very sensible that he was, but added, "The man who is afraid to risk his life in any way when the good of his country requires it is unworthy of a command in her majesty's service."—Nuggets.

What He Found.

"I've opened about 3,000,000,000 oysters in my day," said the old oysterman who sells you the real genuine unfattened and unspoiled "salts," a penny apiece, in the shadow of one of the big market buildings, "and I have never found a pearl in one yet.

"But I've found something just as good as pearls," he added with a wink. "I have found four nice paying tenement houses and good balances in eight savings banks. There is a good deal in an oyster shell besides pearls, young man, if you will look close."—New York World.

The Sensible Girl.

"No," said the heroine of the "smart" novel, "I can never be your wife."

"But why?" wailed the stricken man.

"Because," she replied, "you do not converse in epigrams."—Philadelphia North American.

It is an easy thing to be a millionaire in Berlin. A yearly income of over $9,000, representing the interest on 1,000,000 marks, is the qualification for that title, which is enjoyed by 3,003 Berliners.

SENESCIMUS.

[Tempora labuntur tacitisque senescimus annis.]

"Thus glides away and we grow old
By process of the silent years,"
More fain the busy hands to fold,
More quiet when a tale is told,
Where death appears.

It is not that the feet would shrink
From that dark river, lapping, cold,
And kid with mists from brink to brink;
Only one likes to sit and think
As one grows old.

—Arthur Colton in Scribner's.

COMING OF EVEN.

"It is only the wind," said the Poet. He threw himself listlessly upon the hard leather couch and turned his face to the wall.

The waves dashed madly upon the rocks below the little cottage, with angry shrieking the wind beat up the waves, and the moan of the storm came upon the wind. The Poet heard all these and smiled wearily. Young in years, he was old in spirit, in experience, in enjoyment; they had no charm for him.

He opened his lips now in discontent. "They have written so much about the sea that one is dead sick of it all." He sighed. "I can find in it nothing that has not been found before."

He himself had written not a little concerning the beauties of the sea, but his hand had been young in sooth when it held the pen, and his eyes not yet aweary.

He turned restlessly on the couch, bemoaning its hardness and cursing the friend whose advice had sent him to recruit at this little fishing town, throwing all the burden of his disgust of life and his own feebleness into the cursing.

Then through and betwixt the voices of the storm came a wailing cry; the cry of a lost soul at God's gates; the cry for the unattainable from the lips of a child of earth. Rising higher and higher, it beat sobbingly upon the wind. It cried with the echo of the seagulls' warning; it scattered with the soft sea foam, and sank hushing and palpitating into the mutter of the waves. But only to rise again in a melody so triumphant as to override in its grandeur the voices of the angry ocean.

"It was the great Sea Spirit," said the Poet.

But the sound had hardly seemed to come from the sea—rather from above.

He rose and walked to the window. "It was not the wind," he said aloud.

It was still howling, but the music had ceased. He threw open the window and looked out. The wind fell in a blast upon his thin face and tossed his hair. The sea shouted at him with angry menace. The look of the sky upon him was without a glint of a smile.

But again the music rose, but so softly that he had to strain his ears to catch the murmur of a half hushed cradle song. When it ceased again, the voices of the storm seemed to be sinking and the sea to be aweary of rage. The wind fell, and into the sky came a white glimmer where a silver star sought its entrance to the heavens.

The Poet stood there long, his arms resting on the sill, a dreamy look on his old young face. There had come to him one of those moments which he fancied had left him forever, when his mind, like the wornout sea, could hush its crying and be at peace.

It was only when, on his way to his bedroom later, he passed his landlady on the stairs that the problem of the strange music he had heard returned to him. "It seemed in the house, and yet not in the house," he murmured to himself, stopping her. "It has been a wild night, Mrs. Lewis."

"Indeed and it has, sir, but it has settled down nicely."

"It was strange, but I thought I heard during the storm the sound of a violin. Some one has chosen a strange time to play."

"There's Miss White, sir. She has the room above yours. She teaches the fiddle in town. Goes up every day. But she's not been playin tonight, sir, and she's the only one in the place that can."

"Oh, that explains it. She must have been playing. No doubt it was she I heard."

"But she hasn't been playin tonight, sir. I beg your pardon for sayin it. I've been sittin sewin in the room just above her head, and never a sound have I heard. She's been that still too."

The Poet laughed, but went on his way unconvinced. "Strange playing for a teacher of the violin," he thought, "and a strange time in which to play. She must be a strange girl."

It never occurred to him, in the arrogance of his few years, that she might be more than a girl. Indeed he speedily forgot the whole matter. But in the dead of the night he rose and, hastily donning a few garments, sat till the gray of the morning inscribing the thoughts of which the strange strains had sown the seed. He had found in the sea what he had never found before.

With the golden eye of the sun upon him he threw himself upon his tossed bed and slept until after noonday. Afterward he rambled upon the shore, returning, tired and listless, at length to his chambers.

"Miss White, she's leavin tomorrow mornin," his landlady told him as she laid his tea.

But the Poet was not interested. He wondered who Miss White might be. "Indeed!" he drawled languidly. He roused himself to poke the fire as a stopper to any other attempt at conversation, and Mrs. Lewis took the hint.

But in the evening, when, with the coming out of the stars, a delicate thread of sound wound itself through the stillness, his interest came back to him. He threw himself upon his couch and gave himself up to the pleasure of the sweet strains. Yet was it hardly pleasure, but more a fine pain. There was in the music naught of the wailing of yesterday's, naught of its pleading, naught of its passion, naught of its hope. It was like, the Poet told himself, a wire of polished silver, a wire that might turn and twist in one's flesh forever, yet never cause a mortal wound—only an infinitude of pain. But that of yesterday was the broad blade that kills at one stroke.

And again, as it broadened and deepened and faded, like a moonbeam, away. "That of yesterday," he murmured, "was renunciation; with its battle, its victory, its sublime triumph, its transient peace; today's is resignation—a submittance which has naught of battle, of victory, of triumph, but only pain. Today's is the end, an end that has no end."

But as he lay there, hands clasped behind his tired head, lips parted in a smile—a smile unlike his, for it had naught of scorn in it—there broke upon the silence the opening bars of a little prelude, dainty and sweet in itself, but the manner of its playing a veritable triumph in mediocrity. It wailed and cried laboriously above the Poet's head and echoed about the window. It broke into painful snatches and indifferent rhythm.

The Poet sprang to his feet with an exclamation of impatience. "To spoil that with this!" he cried. "Oh, how can she!" He bit his lips wrathfully, but he did not intend to have his dreams altogether spoiled and, his anger conquering his weariness, he ran lightly up the narrow stair.

He burst into the room of the stranger without preface or prelude, and began in a high pitched, womanish voice, "What in the world"— Then he paused, for he found she was crying. A little, middle aged woman, with a wrinkled face and funny elfin locks that fell in a cloud about it. She was standing in the middle of the room with her music stretched out flatly on the table and her violin and bow in her hands—standing, the tears running thickly down her pale cheeks, without making any attempt to wipe them away.

The Poet felt even angrier than before. Women of that age had no right to cry so openly, he thought. It went against all his theories. He was angry, too, that he had imagined her to be young.

"What

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

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This paper, one year, $1.25; six months, 65 cents.
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BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1899.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner subject to the rules governing the Republican party.
ALBERT PETERSON.

KANE, Pa., Jan'y 2, 1899.

NO SENATORIAL election yet.

THAT "plum tree" will wither and not before it received another shaking

REPUBLICANS, place the honor of our nation, State and grand old party above base rule.

NATHAN B. SCOTT, Republican, was elected United States Senator from West Virginia last Wednesday.

JOHN KEAN was elected United States Senator from New Jersey on Tuesday, to succeed John Smith.

IF THAT army beef was bad it is easily accounted for, after one has read the loving expressions used by Gen. Dupon of the Commissary Department against his superior officer, Gen. Miles.

IT IS fortunate that the Spanish war was so quickly ended or it would have required half of the next century to settle disputes that have arisen between the general officers since that time. It would be more to their credit to stop this jaw-bone war, as they are leaving the prize fighters in the rear on this line of fighting.

THE death of Justice H. W. Williams and the age of Justice Sterrett, who will soon be retired, will cause the election of two Supreme Court Judges at the next annual election and as each elector can vote for but one candidate for Supreme Court Judge the Democrats will have an opportunity of placing one of their party on the Supreme bench.

IT IS as plain as the nose on a man's face that if the Democrats turn traitor to their own party and assist in electing Quay to succeed himself in the United States Senate there will not be a supervisor or township officer elected anywhere in the State without word being sent up the line, "to be with us" and "bow to the Quay collar on." Republicans of Pennsylvania think of this situation.

ADMIRAL DEWEY has told President McKinley that a statesman is needed in the Philippines. Well, there is William Jennings Bryan, soldier and statesman, now out of a job. Why not send him to the Philippines? He seems to know all about the constitution and what ought and ought not to be done, and is the particular friend of the down-trodden and oppressed. His administration of affairs there might be made as conspicuous a success as his efforts to become a soldier. Then, too, among the Filipinos the experiment of free silver at 16 to 1 might be made a success. Our preference for governor of the Philippines has been Admiral Dewey himself, a warrior and a statesman combined, but probably the country might agree to *try Col.* Bryan in that position, as it would give it a rest from his interminable talk.—Exchange.

THE mid intelligence reached here last Wednesday evening that Hon. H. W. Williams, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, had died that morning at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, from heart disease, aged about 66 years. Judge Williams first presided at court here in 1865 and for 33 years he has worn the ermine with honor. The writer has known the Judge ever since he came upon the bench and is free to say that Judge Williams possessed what is so rarely found in the human family, an even and well balanced temperament. Nothing seemed to ruffle his calm exterior. Up to a very few years ago Mr. Williams was physically a perfect type of manhood, strong and erect. When time had fail the trials and cares of life had exacted that once perfect form to such an extent that his oldest friends would hardly believe their own eyes, but in spite of cares and trials he was the same in mind and temperament. Judge Williams may have had many superiors in this State on the bench, but few have been more highly esteemed for their fairness. He was prominent in Masonic circles and at the last annual election of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania was elected Right Worshipful Grand Master.

WHILE quite a number of United States females are at the capitals of their several States wire pulling and cultivating the different State Legislatures to promote their re-election to the upper House of Congress, those more fortunate ones at Washington quarreling over the ratification of the treaty of peace between this government and Spain. There may have been a time remote in the history of the nation when the United States was a necessary evil, but it is so far back that no one now living has any idea what that body was created for or what good its members ever did. It has now become an asylum where men possessing a sufficient amount of nerve, gall and wealth can purchase their way into, where he may join the rest of the menagerie like a lot of monkeys in a cage and chatter, quarrel and fight to their heart's content. While the treaty of peace remains without Senatorial indorsement our soldiers and sailors in the Philippines are compelled to remain there, owing to this Senatorial bickering, when they ought to be allowed to come home. When Aguinaldo discovers that Uncle Sam means business in dead earnest he will quit his filibustering tactics and become reasonable, but as long as the Senate acts as it does at the present time, Aguinaldo lives in hope, and will act accordingly.—Ratify.

THE two members of the Legislature from Franklin county who are voting for Mr. Quay instead of Judge Stewart, their own distinguished and upright neighbor, are hearing enough said about their action to keep them awake o' nights. The position they are in is not a "dream bar one."—Philadelphia Press.

There are many others in a similar boat whose ears will tingle. For instance, Mr. Parshall of Warren, who fails to vote for his home candidate.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23, 1899.

President McKinley may be, in common with many other patriotic citizens, thoroughly disgusted with the game of small politics the Democratic Senators, with five or six exceptions, are trying to play for the control of the Democratic party, with the treaty of peace; but he knows that they cannot injure him or the Republican party or the country, and that, although they can delay the ratification of the treaty, they cannot prevent it. The most that the obstructionists can do will be to prevent the treaty being voted upon at this session of Congress. In that case an extra session will be called to ratify the treaty. Neither President McKinley nor the Republican leaders of the Senate will consent to the compromise offered by the obstructionists to amend the treaty by binding this government to no particular policy toward the Philippines.

"The right man in the right place" is the general Republican comment upon Speaker Reed's selection of Representative Payne of New York to succeed the late Representative Dingley as Chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means and Republican leader. Mr. Payne has been in the House fourteen years and has long ranked as a leading member of that body.

The vote on the Nicaragua canal bill was delayed until Saturday afternoon, mostly by obstructive tactics when it was passed, after having been amended, by a vote of 48 to 6. If the House Commerce Committee would report this bill as it is it could be passed, but it is feared that it will not. If it doesn't the chance for getting the bill through at this session is slim.

The River and Harbor bill has been reported to the House. It carries appropriations for more than $12,000,000, divided among thirty odd States and is certain to become a law.

The attitude of the two political parties toward the Philippines was graphically shown by the following from a spirited dialogue between General Grosvenor of Ohio and Representative Carmack of Tennessee: General Grosvenor, "What would the distinguished gentleman from Tennessee do with the Philippines?" Mr. Carmack, "I would turn my back on them and sail away and never look back." General Grosvenor, "And all the world would brand your back with the word coward."

Representative Bailey of Texas during the running discussion in which much was said about the slavery of the Filipinos sought to disconcert General Grosvenor by saying: "I would like to ask the gentleman if this new crusade upon the old slavery question is to fly in the face of the President's generous offer to take care of the confederate graves." But he looked thoroughly ashamed of himself when General Grosvenor brought down the House by quietly replying: "In the graves of the noble men who fought for a mistaken cause was buried the opposition to the great principles of the Republican party in the controversy for liberty and justice to all mankind; and, therefore, it is meet and proper that the leader of the Republican party in this country should be the leader of the idea of protecting those graves; and I endorse every word he says."

Senator Hawley has forwarded to the town clerk of Hartford, Conn., in accordance with law, a sworn statement as to the cost to him of his re election to the Senate, which is as creditable to him as it is to the Connecticut Legislature. It shows that Mr. Hawley spent no money except for postage, and that less than $3 was spent for that.

Senator Nelson of Minnesota made an able speech against the Vest anti-expansion resolution, in which additional proof of our right constitutionally to govern the Philippines as colonies was produced, and, besides, he truthfully said: "Our duty is to breathe into the people of those islands the life and spirit which will enable them to enjoy and appreciate the government and the privileges that are to be given them." Mr. Nelson also gave Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, who tried to put in his pitchfork by intimating that Senator Nelson was better posted about Norway, where he was born, and Sweden than about the United States a knock out blow by referring him to numerous histories from which all the facts about the people of Norway and Sweden could be obtained, and adding: "But, I think the Senator will find that the Norwegians have greater rights and liberties than the people of South Carolina."

The court martial ordered to try Gen. Eagan for his insulting language toward Gen. Miles will assemble in Washington this week and proceed at once to business, unless Gen. Eagan requests a delay for the purpose of preparing his defense. Such a request would be granted if made; in fact it is considered a right of all officers called before a court martial. It is not expected that the trial will be long, after it gets started, nor is there much doubt as to the verdict, although there is much doubt as to the punishment that Gen. Eagan will finally get. The army regulations prescribe dismissal from the army when found guilty of the charges upon which Eagan will be tried, but there are few who believe the President will allow so severe a penalty to be imposed.

FOR a man who claims to be innocent of the charges preferred against him Mr. Quay has made more twistings and turning than any man ever heard of before. He claimed he could not get justice before the criminal courts of Philadelphia so he went to the Supreme Court of the State, and his old preceptor in law, Judge Sterrett, remanded him to the Court of Quarter Sessions, with costs to follow. Now the Legislature is asked to change the jury laws of the State for Quay's benefit, in the hope that a loop hole will be created whereby he may escape the terrible results of a conviction under a jury law that has stood the test of centuries. It may have many defects, but why should it be necessary to railroad a special act through the Legislature for this one case? The defendant is as slippery as an eel and his ways as devious as those of the heathen Chinee. But in spite of all he has run the length of his tether and will be brought up with a round turn.

TIOGA COUNTY HAS HAD 'EM.

The following just and scathing arraignment of some of the individuals known as agents for bridge companies, which is taken from the Bradford Argus, *is equally as applicable to Tioga* county, when it is called to mind that only a few years ago one or more of these agents—especially one representing the Owego Bridge Company—were frequent visitors at the county commissioners' office when the contract for a county bridge was about to be let. The gentleman referred to wined and dined the commissioners on more than one occasion, and almost invariably he was very generously rewarded in return by securing one or more *bridge contracts.*

The Argus refers to a trip the Bradford county commissioners took to Rochester to inspect the furniture for the new court house, as the guests of the agent of the Owego Bridge Company, and of the unique and strange places they visited to see the "elephant," at the expense of the agent of the Owego Bridge Company, who was later awarded the contract for a bridge at Sayre.

After some further comment regarding a junketing trip of the commissioners with the bridge company's agent to Gettysburg and Washington—the bridge company paying all the bills—the Argus says:

"The people of Bradford county know full well since the evidence was taken in the court house investigation that if there are any moral lepers in this country the average agent for a bridge company is one. These disreputable scoundrels have been known to dine, wine and entertain vernal and weak county commissioners and give them excursions over the country to get a contract for a bridge, both before and after the contract has been obtained. They pay hotel bills, railroad fare and for whatever else may suit the fancy of their victim. No man of honesty, morality or integrity can accept of this mode of entertainment without a loss of character, especially a county commissioner, because it is too apparent what the entertainment means and what they expect and do most always get in return. The commissioner is worked for a contract for a bridge, and all the money and a great deal more spent in his entertainment is made up in the profit upon the job.

"These bridge company agents club together in putting in sealed bids so as not to underbid one another when work is to be let to the lowest bidder, and often make as much, if not more, in this way than upon private contracts. The evidence showed that the profits of the bridge company has ranged from thirty to 60 per cent. of the contract price. They can beat the devil around the bush in every case.

"It requires the strictest integrity and keenest foresight on the part of the county commissioners to prevent the county being robbed by these bridge companies."—Wellsboro Gazette.

POPULAR VOTE QUESTION.

The Lancaster Examiner in commenting on an article which appeared in the Evening News of Newark, N. J., the News having advocated the election of United States Senators by popular vote, thus tersely sums up the situation:

"It will be seen from this that our contemporary contemplates shifting the nomination of a legislative caucus to a State convention. This would be a change, but not reform. It is easier to manipulate a convention than a legislature, for the former is for a day and cares little for its constituency while the latter is more or less permanent and must answer to criticism. For instance, the present Governor of this State was nominated by a few votes after a bitter opposition. The same power that made him the head of the ticket could have nominated M. S. Quay for Senator and elected by the same plurality. In simple terms Mr. Quay controlled the majority of the last convention, but he does not own the Legislature. By the proposed method his troubles would be over; now they are only beginning.

In saying this we are not objecting absolutely to the choice of a United States Senator by popular vote, but only to the plan of nominating him by State conventions. If the whole State can have a primary election and vote directly for several candidates then matters change. This would be our local Crawford county system made general, and might in the long run prove beneficial and surely be no more corrupt than making struggles for delegates to a State convention. *To sum up our meaning in a few words,* it is this: If the nominee for the Senate is to be declared by a State convention, usually under the control of the machine, we would be more likely to have additional Quays than less. In this case it would be better to submit to the Legislature as a safer means of choice. On the other hand, if Charles W. Stone, John Wanamaker, John Stewart, John Dalzell and any other number of Johns, Charleses or Henrys were placed before the people to be nominated by a plurality vote regardless of conventions or legislatures then a different phase is placed upon the popular choice of Senators worthy of thoughtful attention.

THE GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATIONS.

The most pressing occupation of the Governor of the State at present appears to consist of giving out statements declaring that *Quay is all right;* that the prosecutions against him are political and that the people want Quay elected. As to the importance of these official declarations, it is enough to say that if it had been intended that the Governor of the State should have the right to settle this point, the Constitution would have placed the choice of a Senator in his hands. But that instrument left the election of the Senator in the hands of the Legislature, and up to date there have been *official records* showing that a majority of the Legislature does not desire Senator Quay's re election.

Since the Governor iterates that the charges against Senator Quay have been thoroughly ventilated, and that Mr. Watson's argument before the Supreme Court shows that there is nothing in them, it may be worth while to pay a very brief attention to that view. The public has for a long time considered that a conclusive and ample method of having criminal charges ventilated is to have them thoroughly tried in open court. It has been known for a long time that this method was not in favor with the machine politicians; but we do not remember to have heard before that the ex parte argument of able counsel for the defense constituted a conclusive verdict. All the Governor's representations on the point are fully answered by the statement of notorious facts. There was a splendid opportunity early in December for Senator Quay to go into court and prove that there is nothing in these charges; but he conspicuously omitted to do so.

There were representations on the stump last fall that the present Governor was not a part of the Quay machine. It was understood at the time that these assertions were made solely for campaign consumption. The occasion for them being past, it is not thought necessary to keep up the pretense.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Yellow Jaundice cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from yellow jaundice for over six months and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, and all to no avail. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Bitters; and after taking two bottles I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering from this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hegarty, Lexington, Ky." Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists.

Rescues the "Taken Girl."

FREAKS OF MEMORY.

QUEER PRANKS FOR WHICH THERE IS NO ACCOUNTING.

Some Instances of the Singular Effects Produced Upon the Mind by Gazing Steadily at a Crystal—Forgotten Incidents Recalled.

The queer freaks of memory are a constant puzzle to those who study psychical phenomena. Who has not been driven to the verge of distraction by the total inability to recall a name when an effort was made to do so and when the occasion for such remembrance was past had the missing name flash into the mind apparently of its own volition?

Great minds have wrestled to find an explanation for the pranks that memory plays and have had to give up the effort. In the course of a systematic attempt to arrive at some understanding with regard to the wonders of memory a very valuable and unique body of testimony has been obtained. The following questions have been put to 200 American university students and professional persons, 151 being men and 49 being women. The answers are here given with the questions:

Question 1.—When you cannot recall a name you want, does it seem to come back spontaneously without being suggested by any perceived association of ideas? To this 11 per cent answered "No" and 81 per cent "Yes."

Question 2.—Does such recovery ever come during sleep? To this 17 per cent answered "No" and 28 per cent "Yes."

Some examples given:

1. This morning I tried to recall the name of a character I had read of the night before in one of Scott's novels and failed. I taught a class and walking home in the afternoon all the names recurred to me without effort.

2. I tried to recall the name of a book. Gave it up. Half an hour later, while talking of something else, blurted it out without conscious volition.

Question 3.—On seeing a sight or hearing a sound for the first time, have you ever felt that you had seen (or heard) the same before? Fifty-nine per cent answered "Yes."

The action of unconscious memory during sleep is illustrated by further queries:

Question 5.—Can you wake at a given hour determined before going to sleep without waking up many times before? Fifty-nine per cent answered "Yes." *Thirty-one per cent answered "No."*

Question 6.—If you can, how about failure? Sixty-nine per cent seldom failed; 25 per cent often.

Question 7.—Do you come direct from oblivion into consciousness? Sixty-four per cent answered "Yes" and 16 per cent "Gradually."

Examples:

1. I had to give medicine every two hours exactly to my wife. I am a very sound sleeper, but for six weeks I woke up every two hours and never missed giving the medicine.

2. I am always awake five minutes before the hour I set the alarm.

3. I had had little sleep for ten days and went to bed at 9, asking to be called at midnight. I fell asleep at once. I rose and dressed as the clock struck 12, and could not believe I had not been called.

A strange phenomenon has come to light in the course of the inquiry into the mystery of memory. It has been discovered that by gazing steadily at a crystal consciousness is partly lost. Into the void thus produced those who have practiced crystal gazing find that there enter unbidden forgotten incidents and lost memories. To give a few instances: A lady in crystal gazing saw a bit of dark wall covered with white flowers. She was conscious she must have seen it somewhere, but had no recollection where. She walked over the ground she had just traversed and found the wall, which she had passed unnoticed.

She took out her bankbook another day. Shortly afterward she was gazing at the crystal and saw nothing but the number one. She thought it was some back number, but, taking up the bankbook, found to her surprise it was the number of the account.

At another time she destroyed a letter without noting the address. She could only remember the town. After gazing at the crystal some time she saw "321 Jefferson avenue." She addressed the letter there, adding the town, and found it was right.

A lady sat in a room to write where she had sat eight years before. She felt her feet moving restlessly under the table and then remembered that eight years before she always had a footstool. It was this her feet were seeking.

Psychical research brings to light many cases of similar strange tricks of memory. It is easy to find instances that serve to deepen the mystery. It is not so easy to give an explanation. The cleverest men who have attempted to do so have had to admit defeat.—Washington Post.

Posing as a Hercules.

"I could tell you a story about 'strong men photography.' Some of the minor limbs of the fraternity depend on the cunning of the camera for advertisement." So said a photographer.

"One fellow, who visits country fairs and casual shows, goes through tricks of a kind wonderful to the unscientific mind. They are merely tricks after all, and his strength is a catch. He depends on his photos for advertisement. In posing he folds his arms tightly, dilates the muscles of his neck and lines his veins with granular lime. His picture gives you Hercules in his power of majesty. In private he is a well developed man, without any swagger of sinew or strength.

"Professional strong men are as clever at make up as a society actress. The latter lavishes attention on face and neck, while breast and ribs, muscles and throat occupy the former for hours ere the camera confronts them. A few lines about the body add pounds to the weight of a strong man (in the picture); a studied pose imparts additional formidability.

"The veins of a certain professional Hercules protrude like whipcord in the photographic cabinet. He dusts them with powdered ultramarine and treats the high parts of the muscles with indian red. Otherwise his picture would appear quite ordinary."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Nice Little Hint For George.

A business man has a daughter and also a confidential clerk, and the confidential clerk has for some time been attentive to the daughter, but he has not—or had not a month ago—sufficient courage to come to the point, though the young woman, goodness knows, has never done anything to scare him off, for he is a first class fellow in every respect. The other evening he was making a call and about 9 o'clock her father came in.

"Ah, George," he said, "how about that deal we were talking about this afternoon? Did you see the party?"

"Yes, sir," replied George, "and I expected to see you this evening and tell you about it."

"My dear," said the father, turning to his daughter, "will you retire for a few minutes? George wants to speak business for awhile."

The daughter rose up, but hesitated. "Why do I have to go?" she asked doubtfully.

"Because, dear," smiled the father, "you are not interested. Why do you want to stay?"

She blushed and started out.

"Because, papa," she twittered, "I'd rather like to hear George talk business just once."

Then George got red and the father looked at them both significantly, and the girl fled.—London Answers.

WONDER WHAT HE WILL DO NEXT.

Some of our readers may remember our telling about some American sailors who went ashore at Tokio or some other Japanese city to see an exhibition of Japanese fire-works.

By some accident a spark fell into a pile of these explosives near the sailors and one of them was blown up about ten feet in the air. On striking earth again the sailor, apparently supposing it to be a part of the regular performance, said to his comrades: "Well, I wonder what he will do next?"

Until the Spanish war we did not suppose that any monarch of the world (unless the Czar of Russia) had the power to do what our President has been doing, apparently without the slightest hesitation, and like the sailor above referred to, we not unfrequently wonder what he will do next.—Geo. T. Angell in Our Dumb Animals.

Keep on wondering and you will see President McKinley will make this the greatest nation in the world.

CALIFORNIA.

Extraordinary Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

America is a great country. In variety and grandeur of natural scenery it is unrivaled. To traverse it, to behold its diversities and its wonders, is a liberal education, a revelation to the immured metropolitan citizen. The personally-conducted tour to California under the direction of the Pennsylvania railroad company, which leaves on February 9, affords a most excellent opportunity to view the vast variety and boundless beauty of this marvellous land. The party will travel over the entire route in the model Pullman train of smoking, dining, sleeping and observation cars exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, and subsequently at Atlanta, Nashville and Omaha. This train will be placed in service for the first time on this occasion and will be in charge of a tourist agent and chaperon, who will look after all details of the trip, as well as the individual welfare of members of the party. Stops will be made at Mammoth Cave, New Orleans during Mardi Gras Carnival, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Diego, Redlands, Riverside, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Monterey, Del Monte, Santa Cruz, Mount Hamilton, Menlo Park, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Glenwood Springs, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Garden of the Gods, Denver and Chicago. Nineteen days will be spent in California. Round trip rate, including all necessary expenses during entire trip, $400 from all points on the Pennsylvania railroad system east of Pittsburg; $395 from Pittsburg. For itinerary and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for that cough and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Many a family doctor has been put out of business by death because of the failure to keep on hand a safe and absolutely certain cure for croup such as One Minute Cough Cure. See that your little ones are protected against emergency. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Overcome evil with good. Overcome your coughs and colds with One Minute Cough Cure. It is so good children cry for it. It cures croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and all throat and lung diseases. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Soothing, cleansing, healing, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the implacable enemy of sores, burns and wounds. It never fails to cure piles. You may rely upon that. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Examine well those silk-lined box coats at R. Seger & Son's.

The MINER and Tribune $1.25.

Cash Bargain Day,

Sat. Jan. 28,

At J. COLEGROVE'S

Rolled Oats in pkgs, per pkg	4c
An uncolored or green Japan tea to-day per lb	30c
3-lb can tomatoes, 3 for	25c
2 cans Clover Leaf salmon for	35c
1 pint bottle ketchup to-day	8c
Dark cooking molasses, to day per gal	30c
Level Best flour, best flour in town at the price, per sack	$1.10
Your choice of any ladies coat in the store for	$4.00
A special salmon lace curtains to-day only, from $1.00 a pair up to $3.50.	
To clean up on underwear 25 per cent. discount to-day.	
A special table syrup to day per gal only	38c
This syrup is in bulk so bring pail or jug.	
Gilt Edge corn starch and soda per pkg	6c
10 bars Climax soap for	25c
8 bars Oak Leaf soap for	25c
Old Sport matches per gross	8c
5-oz bottle vanilla	15c
2 pkgs Plymouth Rock gelatine for	25c
Dunham's cocoanut, 1 lb pkg	30c
Armour Star bacon, per box	22c

J. Colegrove,

106 EAST MAIN STREET.

4-DAYS-4.

S. HICKS,

OPTICIAN,

KANE,

WILL TEST EYES AND FIT GLASSES AT

Dr. Chadwick's Drug Store,

Smethport, Pa.,

Monday till Thursday,

JAN. 30, FEB. 2.

Office hours from 1 to 5 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT,

SMETHPORT, PA

In good, reliable companies

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

NEW SPRING CARPETS.

Ready in advance with new spring styles and enough of them to show that we mean to do the carpet business of this section.

Nowhere else any such display; nowhere else any such good value for your money. And, in addition to having the largest stock to select from, and the most exquisite colorings and patterns, we sew all Carpets Free. We have over 300 new patterns on show, and if you are in need of a carpet, we want to hear from you. All the designs we show, you cannot find elsewhere, as our styles are confined to us exclusively. It's a great satisfaction to trade here, as our values are always right.

A big line of brussels at 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c. A line of Axminsters, Best Velvets, Body Brussels and Moquettes at 79c, sewed and delivered. These pieces range from 16 to 50 yards each, and former prices were from $1.00 to $1.25 per yard, but during this sale, we are going to sell them at 79c.

50 patterns in best brussels at 90c and Royal Wilton Velvets at $1.09.

These are our special values and they comprise the new colors—reds, greens, blues and browns. Pretty patters in halls and stairs, and beautiful borders to match all patterns.

Large stock of Wilton rugs in large sizes 8 ft 3x10 6 and 9x12, $30 and $35.

We want your trade and would like to correspond about Carpets, &c.

ANDREWS & CONKLING,

135-137-139 North Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

Harness! Carriages! Horseclothing!

Our stock is complete and our prices can't be beat. Our goods will bear inspection and are strictly up to date.

Harness, hand made, in stock or to order as you like.

Something new in rubber-tired carriages. In horse clothing—anything you like. We are the people who save you money.

Coast, Stone & Coast,

258 N. Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

ATTENTION!

BARGAIN DAY SALE

R. Seger & Son will on all Saturdays hereafter, commencing with

Saturday, December 3rd, 1898,

have a bargain day sale. This is no fake sale but a genuine bona fide sale. All goods will be marked down far below the average price. These sales will only last one day each week and no goods can be bought during the week at these prices. The following are a few of the bargains that will be on sale next Saturday:

Men's Heavy Winter Box Coats, formerly $15.00, on sale Saturday at $12.00.

Men's Fine Blue Kerseys, formerly $14 and $15, on Saturday $10 and $12.

Men's Fine All Wool Suits, from $8 up to $16, on sale Saturday from $5 up to $12.

Boy's All Wool Suits, $4 up to $11, for this sale, $3 up to $8.

Men's All Wool Underwear, $2.00 suit, this sale, $1.50 a suit.

All Ties 39c and 19c.

Shoes, $1.50 up to $5, this sale $1.00 up to $4.00.

Cuffs, formerly 50c and 25c, for Sat. 40c and 20c.

All other goods in our store marked accordingly low. It will pay you to call and examine this entire new line and see some of the astonishing bargains we offer. Don't forget the date.

R. SEGER & SON,

Reilly Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

John Vanblad,

Practical Horseshoer.

I have rented the blacksmith shop of T. H. Partle and am now well prepared to do

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

of all kinds in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

Special attention to shoeing interfering and sore horses.

A share of your patronage solicited.

John Vanblad,

WATER ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

Re-Opened.

EXCELSIOR MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS.

is now ready for business and prepared to fill all orders for Marble and Granite work, Cemetery fencing, Etc., Etc.

Works Cor. Franklin & Water Sts.,

Smethport, Pa.

P. O.—LARABEE, PA.

Pine Mistle Cough Cure, cures. That is what it was made for.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF:

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig,

located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING AND DECORATING.

UPHOLSTERING

Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.

Smethport, - Penna.

IN BRADFORD

You can save money on most lines, and select from the widest variety.

This store carries most of the things that you buy, outside of food and dress. Most of our customers wish that we sold those things, too. If we carry a line you may be sure that we carry everything that belongs to it. We buy and sell so much that we can sell many things for less than most dealers can buy them.

You will find it very agreeable and profitable if you will get in the habit of coming here.

CHINA — We carry one hundred styles of dinner sets, ranging in price from $6.75 to $250.00. All other china lines equally as varied. We import our foreign china direct.

LAMPS — Among our several hundred lamp styles, you will find some remarkable bargains. For instance, we are selling some lamps now for $3.50 that we picked up in New York. Last spring we paid almost twice that for the very same lamps.

SKATES — We sell steel skates for men and boys—skates with Winslow's National Club Lever—for 40c per pair.

INCANDESCENT BURNERS—75 CTS.

The Apollo incandescent gas burner lasts longer than any other, and gives a white, clear light. We sell them, shade, chimney and all, for 75c. Apollo mantles, 18c.

RELIABLE GAS RANGES.

We have sold hundreds of these ranges around Bradford, and have never yet had a complaint. They are not only the best gas ranges—but better than all other ranges in fully twenty points. Prices $13.50 up.

HORSE GOODS. — We can save you probably 20 per cent. on a harness. We can save you on blankets and show you fifty styles. We can furnish you anything that a horse owner needs.

EMERY & WEAVER.

L. Emery, Jr., & Co., Bradford.

NEW GOODS AT STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG.

Call and examine same. Prices as low as the lowest.

Prices on all Winter Goods reduced to make room for Spring stock.

Several lines of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes at cost to close.

D. C. YOUNG,

Smethport, Pa.

Dec. 28, 1898.

NEW SPRING GOODS

everything new in

Muslins
Dress Goods
Hosiery
Shoes and
Fine Table Linen

This will be the finest line of Dry Goods we have ever handled and we mean to make prices that will sell at once. Come now and get your pick of this stock.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers & Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Model Restaurant,

ALFRED HAGBERG, Propr.

I have recently purchased the Restaurant of W. G. Holder and am now prepared to serve

Hot or Cold Lunches and Meals at all Hours.

I also keep on hand the best, freshest and most complete stock of

OYSTERS AND FISH

to be found anywhere. Give me a trial and be convinced.

Tracy Block, Smethport, Pa.

Special Trade Winners This Week

—DAINTY LACES AND EMBROIDERIES
—FANCY BUCKLES
—ELEGANT PETTICOATS
—HANDSOME DRESS TRIMMINGS
—ADDITIONAL DRESS PATTERNS
—NEW LININGS, INCLUDING "NEAKSILK."

We have made a specially advantageous purchase in

carpets,
mattings,
oil cloths,

and give our friends the benefit. See our line before you buy.

Groceries.

Always fresh and good.
Let us feed you.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.
Smethport, Pa.
Prompt attention to mail orders.

Photographs

This has been a busy season and it tends the fact that the pictures I make give perfect satisfaction. If you you want a good article go to the place where the most business is done.

Graphophones

The sense of perfection it conveys has been reached in the manufacture of these machines. Come and listen free of charge. No trouble.

"IKE" BLEASON, The Pine Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

DO YOU KNOW

that when you are smoking an

AMERICAN GENLEMAN CIGAR

you are receiving more real value for your money than any other ten cent cigar offers you?

If you don't know now get into the habit and know why. 10 in. Spanish cigar stands

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1899

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.
MYRON TEW.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 1, 1899.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the rules of the Republican caucus.
H. STRATTON.
Copyright, Pa., Jan. 12, 1899.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Constable of Keating township, subject to the rules of the Democratic caucus.
CHARLES CRANE.
East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 12, 1899.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
FRANK LAMPE.
Cyclone, Pa., Jan. 17, 1899.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"A Wounded Name."

—The Sandford Sunday Herald is growing sarcastic.

—Get the opening chapters of "A Wounded Name."

—The White Deer valley in Union Co., Pa., it is sealed, will soon be tested for oil.

—Mrs. William Pratt of East Smethport is suffering with a severe attack of grip.

—Attend the caucus to-morrow night and assist in selecting a most excellent ticket.

—J. Colegrove has his regular bargain day ad in another column. Don't fail to read it.

—Squire Ford surprised his many friends yesterday by coming down to the corneliss.

—"Wastes neither its own space nor the reader's time"—The Illustrated Buffalo Express.

—H. W. Marcus of Olean has a new ad in this week's issue. Read it and you will profit thereby.

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday next the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

—John Monasti was busily engaged decorating his store front with a coat of paint last Saturday.

—Henry Siever was taken with the grip last Thursday night, but was able to be out again Monday.

—The funeral of the late Hon. Henry W. Williams will be held in Wellsboro at 11 a. m. to-morrow.

—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wendell of Newark were made happy by the arrival of a baby boy on Sunday.

—E. T. Daly entertained a party of gentlemen friends with cards and good cheer last Wednesday night.

—Of Max Ramlet has something to say about bicycles in a new ad this week. Read it and learn how to save money.

—The Tribune Almanac for 1899 is a cyclopedia in itself, and at the small price of 15 cents ought to be in every household.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McQuiller gave a card party at the Grand Central last night to a large party of friends. All had a pleasant time.

—The little daughter of Phillip Strovin, an Italian who lives on Water street, died on Tuesday morning. The funeral was held Wednesday.

—Prof. Klinefelter, an eye specialist from Philadelphia, will be at M. L. Armstrong's store on February 7. For further particulars see ad.

—"Pat" Gleason has a new advertisement in this week's issue. Be sure to read it and call on him. He has a surprise in store for you.

—The councilmen to be elected at the February election will serve for three years. Select the best men in the borough for your candidates.

—The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. church will meet at the parsonage Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

—J. M. McElroy last Friday was elected Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg. The Miner congratulates the gentleman.

—Prof. Colas' earthquakes appeared on schedule time this month. Greece was visited Sunday by the severest earthquake in her history, and on Tuesday Mexico experienced a shock of one minute and 35 seconds duration.

—Coast, Stone & Coast, the hustling house furnishers of Olean, have a change of advertisement this week. Peruse it carefully and when in Olean give them a call.

—The Acme Refinery, Olean, was destroyed by fire early last Sunday morning involving a loss of $25,000 and about the same amount to the W. N. Y. & P. and Erie railroads.

—Judge A. G. Olmsted of Coudersport has been reported quite seriously ill with grip. On Wednesday Hon. Henry Hamlin received a dispatch that Mr. Olmsted was improving.

—The county commissioners have decided to take an appeal from the decision rendered by Judge Morrison in the case of the county auditors surcharging the county commissioners.

—John S. Corbin of Portville, while despondent from over indulgence of intoxicants committed suicide last Saturday afternoon by shooting himself through the right temple.

—List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 21, 1899: Mr. Sam Burleigh, Mrs. Amy Roberts. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—Do not fail to read F. G. Lindholm & Co.'s new advertisement this week. They call attention to some "trade winners" and it will pay you to give them a call when in need of anything in their line.

—J. C. Cunningham of East Smethport wishes, through the columns of the Miner, to return sincere and heartfelt thanks to all who so kindly assisted him and his family in their late bereavement.

—C. A. Burdick is the proud possessor of a fine driving horse that he considers can give the dust to any horse that travels the roads of McKean county. This is on the quiet. Don't let Chet hear about it.

—The new M. E. church at Lafayette will be dedicated next Sunday by Rev. H. C. Woods, presiding elder of the district. Rev. Ward Burrows, the pastor, will commence services this afternoon at 2 p. m.

—The Miner last week received the midwinter number of the Los Angeles Times, which is a masterpiece of the art preservative, 36 pages, finely illustrated and giving a most excellent history of that charming country with innumerable attractions.

—Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa, was in town Monday with a corps of engineers, locating railroad lines. There is considerable uncertainty about the matter. Some contend that Mr. Kane is in dead earnest about coming here, while others say it is merely a bluff to sell his road.

—In next week's issue of the Miner will be found the opening chapters of "A Wounded Name," by Brig. Gen. Charles King of the United States Army. The readers of the Miner are too familiar with this gifted author to need any urging to peruse his works. This is one of his best efforts.

—Rev. Dr. Walker will preach on the following subjects next Sunday: In the morning at 10:30, "How can Man Help God Save the World—The Curse of Inaction." At 7:30 p. m., "Retrospection; or It Might Have Been." A sermon to young people. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—The close of the nineteenth century is to be marked by a world's pilgrimage to Rome during the year 1899, and the Pope, it is said, will proclaim plenary indulgence to all pilgrims to the Holy City. The decision to recommend such a pilgrimage was reached at a meeting of cardinals held this week.—Exchange.

—A. Nest started a daily stage, Sunday included, from here to Hazelhurst last Monday morning. Leaving here at 9:00 on arrival of trains, arriving at Hazelhurst 12 m.; leave Hazelhurst at 3 p. m., arriving here at 5 p. m. This will be of great advantage to the traveling public and the stage ought to be well patronized.

—Harper's Weekly of Jan. 21st contained a very interesting article by Cy Warman, who rode on an engine which hauled the United States mail train from Chicago 500 miles west in ten hours' time. His description is most intensely interesting and the reader can almost imagine himself enjoying the ride with this graphic writer.

—A young man in a neighboring county advertised for a wife under an assumed name, and his sister answered the advertisement, also under an assumed name. Then photographs were exchanged, and now the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, and the old people think it pretty hard to have two fools in one family.—Exchange.

—Hiram Nobody was in the Municipal Court yesterday, charged with intoxication and brought about a paradoxical condition of things there," says the Boston Transcript. "Thus, although fifty-four persons were under arrest charged with intoxication, charges were preferred against Nobody. No reason was found for inflicting a penalty on a number of these persons, and yet Nobody was discharged."

—The Penny Magazine, New York, which is the lowest-priced magazine in America (10 cents a year), and which is owned by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, the eminent American orator, wants a representative in this vicinity. It is a good opportunity for one of our ambitious young men or women. Applications should be addressed to the Subscription Department, The Penny Magazine, Temple Court, New York city.

—How happy those prospectors in the Alaskan gold fields must feel, with the mercury 62 degrees below zero; nose, ears and hands frozen, sitting by the only light afforded by a fire and a tallow dip, anxiously waiting for summer to come when they can step out of doors and stretch their cramped limbs. This digging gold in such an exhilarating climate must be the most delightful thing imaginable. Home to them would afford no pleasure.

—Thirteen was the unlucky number of involuntary baths taken in the pond and river by skaters through the rubber ice of Monday.—Port Allegany Reporter. Oh, the wonderful ingenuity of the genius who presides over the destinies of the Reporter. The Miner naturally supposed he was familiar with all sorts of skating ice, but this week he has certainly surpassed all his former efforts. What a delightful time the people on the Davis farm must have "rubber-necking" the "rubber ice."

—Mesdames Jonathan Colegrove and E. P. Carter are earnestly engaged in securing charter members for the Order of the Eastern Star. It is a most commendable enterprise and the Miner wishes them success. The following clipping will give the reader some idea of the order: "Would ye know of the Eastern Star? It has a large family of ten thousand stars, all sisters and brothers. It is the handmaid of Masonry. It girdles the earth like a starry zone from the east of the Atlantic to the hill of the Pacific. Some men say it is no kin to Masonry, but at the recent convention of the G. G. C. in Washington it was acknowledged as part and parcel of that ancient craft. It is modified upon true Masonic principles and takes its name from the Star of Bethlehem."

—Every farmer ought to send his name and address to the United States Department of agriculture requesting that the monthly list of publications be sent to him. From this you can select such publications as you think will be of the most interest and value to you. Try it and reap the benefits.

—The following taken from the Klondike Miner will be of interest to many of our readers: By examination October 17 and 18 the following have been added to the register of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Yukon Territory: Dr. W. G. Cassels, Juneau, Alaska, of Louisville Medical College; Dr. Robert Hamilton, Smethport, Penn., U. S. A., of McGill University; Dr. Fulton, Nova Scotia, of Halifax University; Dr. MacLeod, Nanaimo, B. C., of Trinity University. A. F. Edwards, Registrar.

—S. J. Holmes of Buffalo, a brother of F. L. Holmes of this place, died at his home in that city Friday evening from carbolic acid poisoning, the result of a mistake made by his wife. Mr. Holmes had been suffering from stomach trouble for some time and had been taking medicine for it. Friday evening he was in great pain and asked his wife to get his medicine. In her haste Mrs. Holmes handed him a bottle containing carbolic acid from which he drank before the mistake was discovered. A physician was immediately summoned, but he died in a few moments. Mr. Holmes was aged 42 years and leaves a widow and two children. F. L. Holmes left for Buffalo on Saturday.

—The Bliss which has caused the confinement of the editor of the Republican to his rooms for several days past is the result of a severe cold contracted several weeks since. When he and Mrs. Rogers returned from a trip to Harrisburg Lancaster and Philadelphia on Friday morning last, Mr. R. was feeling badly, having passed a very uncomfortable night in a sleeping-car berth. In the middle of the afternoon he was compelled to lie down and for the next twenty-four hours he was seriously ill. Symptoms of heart trouble were quite marked and there were fears of neuralgia in that section of his system. It is evidently a case of grip. To-day he is feeling better and under the care of Dr. Heimbach he expects to be able to attend to business in a few days.—Kane Republican, Monday.

—Ralph E. Burdick, the gentlemanly cashier at Messrs. Hamlin & Son's bank, showed the Miner man Wednesday morning two relics of "ye olden time." The first was in the shape of a shinplaster of the Colony of Connecticut, a copy of which follows: "No. 17,585. Nine Pence. The possessor of this Bill shall be paid by the Treasurer of the Colony of Connecticut Nine Pence, lawful Money, by the first Day of January, A. D. One Thousand, Seven Hundred and Eighty-two. By Order of Assembly dated June nineteenth, A. D. One thousand, seven hundred and seventy-six. Sd. E. Williams, Committee." The other was issued by the Colonial Congress of February, 1776, and was of the value of two-thirds of a dollar. Mr. Burdick found these relics in an old pocketbook in the bank. They are certainly curiosities.

—Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous to the event: "My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday morning the Rev. Zachariah B. Day will preach for you. Let us now sing two verses of hymn No. 288, 'That Awful Day Will Surely Come.'"—Exchange. The above reminds the Miner of a story told several years ago, but still good: A minister from New York city whose height did not exceed 5 feet 2 inches was invited to preach at a church up the Hudson. The altar of the church was of extraordinary height and when the minister stepped up to announce his text the audience was greatly amused when only the top of his head appeared, and unfortunately he took for his text the following: "Be not afraid it is I." This caused smiles to appear on almost every face in the house. In the afternoon the minister thought he would avoid trouble of that character, so he secured several books and made a platform that would elevate him sufficiently above the altar, taking for his text, "A little while ye shall see me, and then again ye shall not." As he warmed up to his subject he unfortunately stepped backward and fulfilled the wording of his text.

Travelers' Club Banquet.

The second annual banquet of the Travelers' Club was held at the Wright House Wednesday evening. It was a brilliant affair very much enjoyed by all present. Sixty guests, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Backer, of Boston, Mrs. Strong of Olean and Mr. Marsh, of Eldred, found themselves delightfully entertained from eight to twelve o'clock.

Singing and readings passed the time pleasantly until half-past ten when the Travelers and their friends repaired to the exquisitely decorated dining room where they did ample justice to a spread such as Comrade Wright knows how to provide.

Mrs. D. C. Young gave out the following toasts, the responses being given in a manner reflecting credit upon the Club:

"We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of union."—"Our Flag," Miss Wright.

"Our native land charms us with inexpressible sweetness and never allows us to forget that we belong to it."—"The Land We Live In," Mrs. T. A. Morrison.

"The mind unlearns with difficulty what it has long learned."—"Memories," Mrs. E. F. Richmond.

"Memory is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven."—"Memories," Mrs. E. L. Knapp.

"History is philosophy teaching by examples."—"Some Things That Count," Mrs. J. H. Siever.

"I shall always consider the best guesser the best prophet."—"The Future," Mrs. L. K. Hogarth.

"I reckon that a man is never undone till he be hanged and never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and the hostess say welcome."—"The Gentleman," Mrs. Burg Chadwick.

Very beautiful souvenir cards were furnished by Mrs. T. A. Morrison. H.

The Miracles of Jesus.

Rev. Dr. Walker will deliver a number of Sunday evening lecture-sermons on the Miracles of Jesus, commencing Sunday, February 5th. They will be given in chronological order as follows:

Feb. 5th.—"The Water and Wine."
" 12th.—"The Nobleman's Son."
" 19th.—"Draught of Fish."
" 26th.—"Stilling of the Tempest."
March 5th.—"Cure of the Demoniac."

Lessons of value will be drawn from these great subjects.

We Want at Once

Several reliable salesmen to sell our complete line of Mill, Engine and Thresher Supplies. Steady employment all year round. The Crown Supply Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Horses for Sale.

I have 8 heavy horses and 3 four-year-old colts for sale. Time given on good security. M. A. HILLEBRAND.
Port Allegany, Pa., Jan. 26, 1899.

When in need of a good smoke ask for the "Talma Club" and "Mayole" cigars.

JUDGE HEFFERIN DEAD.

Shot by His Aged Father-in-Law Last May. Mr. Liman Bell Shoots Himself with a Bullet in His Heart.

P. J. Hefferin, who was shot on May 21, 1898, by Luman Bell, his aged father-in-law, died at his home on the south side from the effects of the revolver bullet last Monday, the bullet having lodged in the left ventricle of the heart. The deceased was confined to his bed for some time, but afterward recovered sufficiently to come up town several times. But he finally suffered a relapse and was compelled to take to his bed and after a lingering illness died as stated above.

He was married to Miss Emma Bell. From this union three children were born, the oldest a girl aged 11 years, and two boys, one aged 9, and the youngest 3 years of age. The funeral was held in St. Elizabeth's church at 10 a. m. Wednesday, Father Makin of Port Allegany officiating. Interment in St. Elizabeth's cemetary. Saturday afternoon May 21, 1898, the town was thrown into a fever of excitement by the news that Mr. Hefferin had been shot by his father-in-law, Luman Bell, a man aged 78 years, who was making his home with Hefferin.

The deceased came home that afternoon under the influence of liquor, and words between the two men caused a scuffle. The aged man finding himself in the hands of a giant in strength used the revolver in self defense with the result as stated above. The unfortunate Mr. Bell is now an inmate of the poor house where he has been ever since the fatal day last May. What the authorities will do in the matter is only conjecture. As far as known Mr. Bell has always been a quiet and inoffensive man, apparently without an enemy in the world. This trouble will undoubtedly cause him untold suffering and remorse in his declining years, even though he is not taken in hand by the authorities.

To the bereaved widow and fatherless children the Miner tenders sincere sympathy in their sad hour of affliction. Mr. Hefferin was a member of the K. O. T. M. Tent at Mt. Jewett, and the widow and orphans will receive the insurance.

I. O. O. F. Banquet.

Last Friday night was a memorable one to the Odd Fellows of this place. About 30 members of Clermont Lodge were present to witness the conferring of the second degree. Right here it is proper to say that when A. D. Doyle was appointed captain of the degree work a very wise selection was made. He has given it careful attention and has brought the team to a point of perfection that would be hard to surpass.

After this work was over quite a number of brothers were called upon to say something for the "good of the order." Commissioner Davis was the first called and he made the excuse that the grip had left him "too powerful weak" to do any talking. J. B. Tate then reminded this Lodge that though we had outgrown our mother we were still the children of the Clermont Lodge, and spoke of the friendly feeling which always existed between the two Lodges. He also gave some good advice and reasons why all Odd Fellows should become members of the Encampment. District Attorney Gorton spoke cheering words of welcome to "our mother" and assured her that before she returned to her home we would fill her stomach with the good things of this land. Mr. Gorton said that it was his privilege to belong to a great many secret societies, and though he could not find time to give this order all the attention it deserved, he thought that the principles of Odd Fellowship delved deeper and its goodness was more widespread than in other societies and that its fellowship goes farther than sounding words. Dr. Chadwick was called and told a touching story about the Ancient Order of Hibernians that would have brought tears to the eyes of a wooden cigar sign. Other speeches were made by brothers whose names we can not know.

After adjournment all wended their way to the Wright House where mine host Wright had prepared an elegant spread. As the time grew into the wee sma' hours it is said that Dr. Chet Davis lost all his "powerful weakness" and favored those assembled with some of his wholesome talks while Brother Gorton sang his popular song of the "Shillelah." Everybody feasted and made merry until about 2 a. m. when the entire party proceeded to the glass works and thoroughly inspected that plant.

It was rather early in the morning when the Clermont brothers got bundled into their rigs and started for home. All report that they were very much pleased with the work as done by this Lodge. All that remains to be said is that this Lodge will always welcome a Clermont brother, and to judge from the last experience at Clermont this Lodge will also always be willing to visit Clermont.

The following visitors from Clermont Lodge autographed on the visitor's register: John Anderson, J. E. Magnuson, H. E. Domjohn, F. W. Engel, W. J. McKendrick, F. C. Arnold, S. J. McKendrick, John Lund, Martin Carlson, J. A. Swanson, J. A. Lindholm, W. E. Butts, J. W. Steinhauer, John Lee, J. C. Martin, Jas. Fiddler, J. O. Peterson, Fritz Block, Wm. Domjohn, C. D. Comes, Julius Domjohn, J. Magnuson, J. C. Stalzer, F. H. Reed, A. V. Harvey, J. B. Tate, J. P. Howard.

Notice Republicans.

The regular caucus of the Republicans of Smethport boro for the purpose of nominations for boro officers will be held at the polling place in said boro on Saturday evening, Jan. 28th, 1899, from 7 to 8 o'clock. All Republicans of the boro are requested to be present.

G. B. Mayo.
Co. Committeeman for Smethport boro.

The Deadly Grip.

Is again abroad in the land. The air you breathe may be full of its fatal germs! Don't neglect the "Grip" or you will open the door to Pneumonia and Consumption and invite death. Its sure signs are chills with fever, headache, dull heavy pains, mucous discharges from the nose, sore throat and never-let-go cough. Don't waste precious time treating this cough with trashes, tablets, or poor, cheap syrups. Cure it at once with Dr. King's New Discovery, the infallible remedy for bronchial troubles. It kills the disease germs, heals the lungs and prevents the dreaded after effects from the malady. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. Money back if not cured. A trial bottle free at A. B. Armstrong & Co's drug store.

Notice, Sale.

I have 2 sets heavy sleighs, 1 set light sleighs, 1 lumber wagon, 1 horse, 1 colt, 1 set heavy harness, 1 set light harness which I will sell at a very low figure. Call at residence.
2-4f Mrs. E. H. Taylor.

FOR RENT.—A house containing six plastered rooms; has good cellar, good water, large garden. Situated at East Smethport, Pa. Address
Geo. Cartwright, DuBois, Pa.

Discount of 5 per cent on all purchases of $1.00 or more by paying cash at A. B. Armstrong & Co's.

H. Segee & Son wish to call particular attention to their fine line of ladies' collars and cuffs.

Small children's suits in pretty patterns, with waist reasons, at H. Segee & Son's.

Neckwear in all colors and shapes at H. Segee & Son's.

Give the "Talma Club" a trial.

PERSONAL MENTION.

F. M. Whedon of Portville had business in town on Saturday.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers went to Buffalo on business on Saturday.

C. D. Seaman of Corydon was a guest at the Central yesterday.

Mrs. T. A. Morrison returned from a visit to Kane Tuesday night.

Supt. J. C. McKeenan of Bradford, was in town on business yesterday.

Hon. T. A. Morrison has been holding court at Coudersport this week.

R. L. Edgett of Bradford and E. L. Marsh of Eldred were here on important business Wednesday night.

Mrs. B. L. Knapp and Mrs. John E. Kilmartige departed yesterday morning for a few days' visit in Buffalo and Rochester.

Mr. J. Heber McCandless returned home from New York city last Saturday where she has been for some time undergoing treatment.

Miss Carrie Langer of Rochester and Miss Carrie Schutt of Olean were guests of their aunt, Mrs. Carrie Reilly, the forepart of the week.

Miss Mary Foster, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. McKean for some time, returned to her home in Detroit yesterday morning.

Joel D. Hamlin and Hiernie Redfield started last Friday for an extended trip in the South. They will visit the Lone Star State before their return.

Ray Wolpert and Leo Koenig rode their bicycles to Bradford Sunday. They said the wheeling was good and that they made the return trip in two hours.

C. C. Lowry, traveling passenger agent of the Nickel Plate road, was in town on business Monday. Mr. Lowry is just recovering from a severe attack of grip.

Samuel Barnes of Hazelhurst was in town on Friday last. Mr. Barnes has had a severe attack of grip, but we are pleased that he is very much improved now.

Mrs. Bruce Robbins of Alexander, Kansas, who has been visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity for the last two months, left on Monday for her home.

Misses Alberta and May Cheale and Grace Emily McCoy departed for New York city yesterday afternoon where they will be the guests of "Uncle Manhattanbuckeye's" nephews and nieces for a couple of weeks.

M. Chatfield of Farmers Valley was a most agreeable caller at this office Monday. The last week in November he was taken down with typhoid pneumonia and last Monday was his first trip away from home.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Modern civilization has imposed upon mankind many evils and not the least of these are physical. The simple primitive lives of our forefathers, which kept them strong of limb and sound of mind, didn't breed the artificial and vicious condition of our modern society. For those of us who are later day physicians—who live, breathe and have our being in an atmosphere of disease—the merely physical aspect of vice appeals with irresistable force. It is the physical aspect of the Purity movement which appeals most strongly to the physician. To him all questions affecting the human race naturally resolve themselves into the physical well-being of men and women.

Moral degradation speaks for itself, but the physical effect of a vicious life may be so completely masked by a smooth and fair exterior that only the record, third and fourth generations, may fully reveal its foul proportions. Every medical man who has at least the physical well being of the race recognizes that the purity movement is badly needed and supplies a long felt want. The appalling nature of the conditions, which confront us are hardly be exaggerated. Physicians of ten years' standing assume the views of insanity. Loathsome diseases sap the strength of their young lives and blast them devitalized wrecks before the possibilities of life are fairly opened. There are many phases of our modern civilization which bear hard upon our physical structure. The teeth, the eyes, the kidneys, the lungs, the nerves, all are succumbing before the march of modern progress. But the is nothing to the inroads of those terrible and vicious maladies which with their foul vices are honeycombing the race.

An incident has recently come to my knowledge which authentically illustrates the danger and needs of the hour. A band of youths ranging from 15 to 20 years of age, the sons of respectable parents formed a club the initiation fee of which was to be some article stolen by the candidate for admission. These same boys spent a large part of their time in a low resort kept by a negro woman. This place was raided and the police unfortunately got the precious club of young criminality with a few inhabitants, and some of them are now being looked after by that excellent organization—the friend of all good people—the Young Men's Christian Association.

The moral aspect of this is direct enough to be enlarged upon, but the physical side of it involves considerations which deserve to be set in the clearest light. There is a popular fallacy amongst men widely believed, that certain sensual indulgences are a physical necessity. Most boys and young men have heard the assertion and many of them whose moral and physical education have been neglected, believe it to be true. I have frequently been consulted on this subject by boys of good families. They have uniformly defended the performance of the question and have generally withdrawn their arguments with the opinion of some medical man. I have no words to express my contempt of for a practitioner of medicine who will deliberately assist in the perpetuation of youth by such false and indefensible statements. Never was a more vicious or dangerous fallacy. Most happy and fortunate is that youth who shall preserve his personal purity. We condone in a man a moral offense which we punish terribly in a woman. We cannot afford to condone the physical aspect of that offense. The mothers and fathers of our local family are the ones who are specially interested (or should be) in the phase of the question. They cannot safely ignore it. In this crisis legislation cannot help them. The character of the men should be the crucial test in deciding that man's worth. All other questions sink into insignificance beside this. The life, moral virtuous or vicious, flows from in the standard of times based upon worth of social position and the true character of the man ignored.

In many of us the circles of disease are constantly creeping upon us. With some care, patience and moral reformation he is still to be surprised many that a leper. The force of heredity is perpetually a phrase upon at thirty. He must reform, become a useful member of society, and be content to be a skeleton, but in most cases he is physically a wreck. If he marries, as he generally does, he hands down to his children a heritage from which there is no escape. It may take one form or it may take another. It may be lunacy, decrepitude, or any one of the thousand and physical defects with which the realm of modern life and knowledge, but in some form the virulent results of this unsettled life fulfill their destiny.

If I am asked, where is the remedy? I reply, in home training and education of the child. Knowledge should begin at home. The child should be taught and encouraged to confide in the parent. All knowledge of a delightful nature which the young receptive mind of the boy absorbs should be carefully sifted and robbed of its danger. He not would his questions, but probe his knowledge and give him the information he desires. Be assured, if he does not get it from you he will find other sources, of which parents and friends little dream. Make companions of your children. Talk over with them the events of the day. Ascertain where they have been, what they have seen and what they have learned. The training of children is a terrible responsibility, because terrible is the penalty if wrongly done or neglected. Only by consecutive, faithful and persistent effort can we render ourselves the guardians of our trust. The girls and boys of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. Upon them shoulders must rest the responsibilities of citizenship. In their hands lies the well being and well doing of our race. It is such movements as this society represents that gives us faith and confidence for the future. How it is not for this the prospect would be dark indeed. Legislation may check as well, education prevent it. When the light of knowledge shall dispense the obscurity of ignorance, then will come the emancipation of the race.

Dorothea Gutmann, M. D.

WHO GOES TO PARIS IN 1900.

An Opportunity to See the Great Exposition Without Cost.

The great Philadelphia Press announces that it proposes to offer free trips to the wonderful exposition to be held in Paris next year. Details of the offer will be given in next Sunday's Philadelphia Press. Veterans of the Civil War will be given special treatment, which will be found in an other Sunday supplement. It would be well, therefore, to secure each day's issue of the Press. Sunday Press, 10 cts. per copy.

JUST JOTTINGS.

While strolling down the street last Saturday evening the writer observed a couple of Smethport's young people covertly examining the furniture in Specht & Sisse's window. Although but little of their conversation was overheard, it would be advisable for us to leave off our ear-laps and listen for the melodious jingle of wedding bells.

The office-seeker with his winning smile and five-cent cigar is once more with us.

At a bowling party recently held at Lancaster, Ohio, Miss Edna Townsend, formerly of this place, broke the ladies' record for the alleys by scoring 147 points. As a result she received a prize from the owner of the alleys.

This town has a number of athletic ladies, who have various devices for developing their muscles. One of them is an expert club swinger and goes through her exercises be the early morning's light. Her costume on these occasions is said to be strikingly original.

"Solomon, when attired in all his glory, never had a pair of striped socks to his feet," remarks an exchange.

A fellow who had evidently "just come down from Jaytown" and brought a load of hay down, was captured on Main street Monday, while sound asleep on his load. The outfit was placed in a barn by a kind hearted citizen while the driver slept off a "batch."

That "Hobson party" at a down town store Saturday was heartily enjoyed by all—especially by the spectators.

Hoping to "scoop" our contemporaries we hasten to remark that we have had some "beautiful moonlight nights," of late, also to remind you, gentle reader, that "the days are growing perceptibly longer."

Now that Messrs. Fitzsimmons and Sharkey have opened negotiations for a meeting, a fight between these gentlemen may be looked for about 1905.

"Say, I thought you said Miss Goodform never wore a corset."

"Well, she never did until she commenced receiving the attention of Willie Funkfellow."

"But I don't see what difference that should make."

"She was splitting her sides laughing at his jokes, so she had to do something."

The manager of the Lenox club, New York, is booking attractions in the shape of boxing contests. The result of his labors will probably be something in the nature of a "scrap" book.

Puzzle picture.—Find the McKean county journalist in the following fable: "A little viper in the course of its wanderings one day ran across some instrument like unto a file, and with the instinct of antagonism began to lick it viciously. Shortly blood began to appear on the file and the viper licked more vigorously, in the height of delight at finding, as it thought, made the file bleed."

Misfortunes never come singly. Just as it is recovering from the effects of a war with a foreign nation, this country is about to be afflicted with another visit from Rudyard Kipling.

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jno. A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexia, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against six days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being stricken with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'" For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have $9.60 in accounts and judgment notes which I will sell at a discount of 75 per cent. I have neither the time nor inclination to collect bills. This includes accounts up to January 1, 1899. Most of them are worth 100 cents on the dollar. A good collector can make $5.00 out of it in one year.

John Clark, M. D.

To the Public.

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A fine residence in Smethport, within 5 minutes' walk of the court house; gas, water and closets. The house is a two-story structure, large and commodious. Will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office.

When you ask for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve don't accept a counterfeit or imitation. There are more cases of piles being cured by it than all others combined. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Lose to bad and early to rise, prepare a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a little Early Riser the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Messrs. B. C. Henry & Co. are headquarters for the sale of Pittsburg stogies. Give them a trial.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Tonic to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

The Score of Nine Bowling Records was raised from Cash on L. Koenig's Cash Store.

Jewelry, &c., Is What We Have.

AND THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Watches, Diamonds, Solid Silver Table Ware; Silver Plated Ware, Cut Glass, Clocks, Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Charms, Toilet Ware and Silk Umbrellas

AND A MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES OF ALL KINDS.

It will be of interest to everyone contemplating making purchases to call or write for what they may want.

All Goods Guaranteed at the Leading Jewelry and Optical Store of

LOOK FOR THE BIG WATCH SIGN.

C. H. ROBIE,
143 Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

HOT SODA. All Popular Flavors,

Canned Goods,
Fresh Candy,
Fresh Bread
AT

Brasted's

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CARE

All in the leafy darkness, where deep heat
Quivered and pressed me by,
Where the vampires of the sun,
Fanning the fervors of their wings, were nigh,
All in the leafy darkness, unbroken by a star,
Where not the slumberous call of day,
Where not the day was far,
All in the leafy darkness, woven with human
Cries,
I found the ruthless visages of fear
Where are no eyes,
Where are it should, the dread of day, upon me
Whipped and cursed,
All in the leafy darkness,
And only the whole world sleeps.

—Virginia Woodward Cloud in Century

HER OBJECT LESSON.

She was very pretty, very witty, very romantic. Her world had a wholesome dread of Mrs. Trelawney's tongue. She had just intimated a desire for an ice, and her attendant cavaliers had disappeared en masse, each eager to be foremost in the quest.

She had had a busy day, and it was pleasant and cool there behind the palms. She only wished that people would not whisper somewhere near. If only they were aware how much far a whisper carried than an ordinary tone! And while she meditated an epigram on this subject she opened her eyes and looked round impatiently for the waiter.

There was a particularly ineligible couple near Mrs. Trelawney's wrong retreat, a three cornered, low backed seat, in the full glare of the lights and conspicuously close to an intimate and ugly corner.

Either had patronized a poor caterer of the business, a little girl of 17, underdressed and pale faced, conspicuous only for a very new and striking wedding ring. She had been alone most of the evening, and now it was she and her boy husband whose whispering had attracted Mrs. Trelawney.

"Darling, are you enjoying your self?" whispered the boy husband.

"So much, dear!" answered the little girl enthusiastically. "It's all so pretty and so amusing to watch. I've never seen anything so pretty in my life!"

"You been helping Lady Lacy. She asked me to take some old ladies down to supper," the boy husband went on with a musical importance. "You're sure you are not dull here all alone?"

"Dull? Oh, dear no!" cried the little girl, opening wide eyes of amusement. "Oh, there's Lady Lacy looking at us, dear. I expect she wants you again."

The boy hurried off again, proud and elated, and his little wife sat smiling after him from her corner. Mrs. Trelawney looked sharply from one to the other. "I wonder how long that state of things will last!" she meditated cynically.

She knew a certain amount about the affairs of the foolish couple—Lady Lacy had confided various details in the course of her apology for their presence there at all. The boy was a journalist, with a microscopic income and very limited talents, and the little wife was penniless, and they had a tiny flat somewhere in the east—some unwritten law of nature, the bare thought of which sent a shudder through Lady Lacy. "In ten years' time," she said to herself, "what will have become of them?" And at that point she paused aghast.

It was exactly ten years since she herself, a girl of 17, had made a ruinous love match with handsome Captain Trelawney.

She had curiously white and still, while that dead and half forgotten past flashed vividly before her. She would never have thought it possible then for her husband to be at his club while she contented herself successfully elsewhere, and now this was the normal state of things between them.

They had been so quarrel, no dis pute. They had simply drifted away from each other in those ten years of married life, until now they were really excellent strangers. Neither could have told how or when the division began.

She looked at the uncomfortable couple near again and with new eyes. That pale little face was the happiest in the room—the only contented one in sight—and when the boy husband came near, it rose with a glance and smile in that direction, what a radiant look was flashed back at him! They really seemed to be enjoying their evening.

Mrs. Trelawney reflected, and then, with an indescribable sensation, it occurred to her that she, the admired and prized society beauty, was actually envying that plain, badly dressed, penniless little girl.

Mrs. Trelawney breathed a long sigh of relief when the brougham door was shut upon her and she was on her way home. She had a long way to drive, plenty of time to follow out her present train of thought and to its unhappy conclusion.

She told herself that she was a despicable little wretch, a mere society fool, and it was no wonder Horace was tired of her. If only Horace had been poor, so that he and she could have worked and struggled together! If only their one child had lived beyond baby hood! But that she could not bear to think of even now. If only all the past ten years could be lived over again, how differently she would use them!

How it was too late, and then she suddenly sat up straight, with fast beating heart. It was not too late, it could not be too late. She would begin this very night and try to restore some thing of the old loving relations of ten years ago. She would call for her husband drew at his club. She remembered having done so once or twice in those bygone days, when something imperative had prevented him from coming with her to their mutual disappointment.

She gave the necessary order to her coachman, and then sat down and upright, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed.

Ah, they were not far from the club now—five, ten minutes more and her new life would have begun!

She had no idea what the time was, but it could not be so very late, for the pavement was thronged with people—all going the same way, oddly enough, as it occurred to her after a moment. There were so many of them that presently the carriage was blocked and obliged to go slowly. She beat her little hands on the seat in her impatience and looked out again.

A policeman appeared, shouting in audible directions, and pressing forward through the crowd, which gave way unhesitatingly on either side. In her unquenchable impatience she let down the window and beckoned him to come nearer.

"Can't we get on?" she cried. "I am in a hurry. What is the meaning of this crowd?"

"They have come to see the fire, ma'am," the policeman answered civilly. "I'm afraid you will have to go round."

"But we are almost there—the Rangoon Hall!" she cried.

"It's the club that is on fire, ma'am," the policeman answered. Then, as she turned white, he added kindly "Don't be frightened, ma'am; they've got the fire well in hand by this time and every one is out."

"All safe?" Mrs. Trelawney gasped.

"Well, a few broken bones and such like," said the policeman cheerfully. "Nothing to speak of, ma'am—only one gentleman killed. A sad business that."

"Who?"

"The gentleman who did such great things out in Burma a few years ago—Major Trelawney."

"My husband!"

It seemed to her that she had known it all the time. She now, as if in a dream, the sudden pity and respect in the policeman's face, and then she covered her eyes and sank back in the carriage.

The long agony of the drive seemed interminable, and yet when at last the carriage stopped she sat quite motionless for a moment, terrible as it was to think that the next minute. Then the door was opened, and, as if in a dream, she passed up the steps, walking firmly, her face white and her eyes set and hard. Her apparent heartlessness was silently noted at the time and afterward freely commented on in the servants' hall.

Had they brought him—it—home? she wondered with a long shudder. She was in the hall now and some one was hurrying to meet her—the doctor. She was not surprised to see him there. In her dreamlike state nothing seemed strange any more.

"I have fine news for you, Mrs. Trelawney."

"I know—I know!" she answered petulantly. In her unreasoning misery she was annoyed by his hushed tone. Her own voice was unnaturally shrill and strained, and the doctor raised his hand in protest.

"What heartless creatures these pretty women are!" he was thinking—an unconscious echo of the servants' opinion.

"I must beg of you to control yourself," he said aloud. "Everything depends on quiet. His life is hanging on a thread."

"His life! Oh, God! Then he is not dead!"

She had brushed past the doctor, deaf to his remonstrances. With noiseless, flying feet, she was up the staircase and a moment later kneeling by her husband's bedside.

The doctor, following rapidly, stood arrested at the door, looking in at the darkened room, the kneeling white figure, with clasped hands and large, fixed eyes, the swathed wreck of a man lying very still on the bed.

The hand lay outside the coverlet. Her own slide took slowly, hungrily, to it, as if her own daring scared her. She bowed her head over the hand and knelt on motionless. The doctor, watching and quite forgetting his soothing condemnation of a moment before, thought with a swift contempt of certain reports concerning the Trelawneys' domestic happiness which had reached his ears.

Something came before his shrewd, keen eyes which blurred the picture before him. He turned aside for a moment and then was recalled by a swift, low cry: "Horace! Oh, Horace!"

The doctor sprang forward and then drew back. The injured man's eyes had opened and were fixed on the shining white figure with an expression of mingled awe, disbelief, bliss.

"Clara!" said the faintest whisper in the world.

The doctor could scarcely hear it. He did not know that the old pet name had never been used for years.—London Forget-Me-Not.

Underground Paris.

The Paris of the pavement, gay bright and exhilarating, is fairly familiar to us all, but underground Paris, dark, solitary and damp extending for miles, is comparatively unknown. A part of this area is devoted to the catacombs—a valley of dry bones, a garden of the dead; the rest a garden still more vast, provides for the wants, or rather the luxuries, of the living—it is devoted to mushroom culture. These subterranean gardens extend for some 20 miles under the gay capital and are from 20 feet to 160 feet beneath the surface.

It is very difficult to obtain permission to visit them, and even when permission is obtained it requires some courage to wall oneself of it, for the only entrance is a circular opening like the mouth of a well, out of which a long pole stands. Through this pole, fastened at the top only, at fairly long intervals, sticks are thrust. This primitive ladder, the base of which swings like a pendulum in the impenetrable darkness below, is the only means of reaching the caves. "Here," again cried our guide, with a burst of cheerfulness, "see this door! On the other side are the catacombs—a full of bones as this place is of mushrooms." We smiled. We were not afraid of bones with an iron door between them and us.—Strand Magazine.

When Rosetie Died.

Horace Walpole is a great lover of dogs too. Pumpkin, Tonton and Rosette (the last the Jersey of Mme. du Deffand) are certainly the most spoiled of the species, and run all over Strawberry after their master, to the distraction, one would have thought, of the prim gardens and the verb.

When Rosette died presently, Horace sends the most touching epitaph on a dog ever written, perhaps, to my Lord Nameham. "It has no merit," he says, "for it is an imitation, but it comes from the heart if ever epitaph did, and therefore your dogmanity will not dislike it."

> Rosette, rose of the year
> Whose sweet my Rose's hue
> Chiefly near the dust repose
> Of my faithful, pretty Rose.

The opening lines at least have the oldest milkiness to the popular conception of Horace Walpole, if they have some affinity with the man who is the friend and playfellow of little children and can't find it in his heart to turn off an old servant or to give up an old ally.—Longman's Magazine.

Our Florida Alligator.

An alligator is not an attractive creature. He has not a single virtue that can be named. He is cowardly, treacherous, hideous. He is neither graceful nor even respectable in appearance. He is not even amusing or grotesque in his ungainliness, for as a brute—a mere ungrallied—he is always so intensely real that one shrinks from him with loathing and a laugh at his expense while in his presence would seem curiously out of place.

His personality, too, is strong. Once catch the steadfast gaze of a free, adult alligator's wicked eyes, with their odd vertical pupils fixed full upon your own, and the significance of the expression "evil eye," and the mysteries of snake charming, hypnotism and insolation will be readily understood, for his brutish, merciless, unpitying state is simply blood chilling.—J. W. Blake in Popular Science Monthly.

How to Disarm a Mosquito.

A needle held in the left hand is passed through the thorax, the legs and wings are pulled off, and, if necessary, the scales of the body brushed off with a camel's hair brush. The tail is then lowered into a drop of water, salt solution or weak formalin placed on a glass slide, and with another needle held in the right hand the last two segments of the tail are partially separated and held down upon the slide. The left hand is then moved in such a manner as to draw away the insect.—Major Ross, I. M. S., in Indian Medical Gazette.

Greatness Thrust Upon Him.

Teacher—Now, then, boy No. 1, who wrote "Macbeth?"

Boy No. 1 (trembling violently)—Please, sir, I didn't.

Teacher—I know you didn't, but who did?

Boy No. 1 (with a spasm of virtue)—Please, sir, I don't wanter be a tellitale, but it was Bob Buster, over in de corner seat. I seen him a doin of it.—Illustrated Record.

Two of a Kind.

Teacher—What is tautology?

Boy—Repetition.

Teacher—Give me an example.

Boy—We are going to have sheep's head for dinner, and my sister Elsie's young man is coming to dinner also.

Teacher—Go up top.—London Fun.

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SELF-PRAISE.

We Hardly Always Discover It in Others, but Never in Ourselves.

Probably the most insidious of all the faults is that upon the absence of which we most pride ourselves, and that at the same time we notice most readily in others. In some of us it is pride, in others gossiping. The list is long, and we know it without going into details, but that which we do not seem to realize is that the very most common fault of us all as a mass is selfishness.

We do know that nearly every one we meet is selfish, but we seldom discover how selfish we are ourselves unless shown by a sudden touch of deep regret. Most of us discover, for instance, that we were selfish in reference to some dear friend dead, but we stop right there, and while we regret the past and shed useless tears over the lost chance we do not make any new discoveries—namely, that we are selfish to our living friends—and while we think that they are being unfair, unkind, to us we forget to be generous ourselves; to look beyond the frown, the hard word, the selfish act or neglect, and see what it is that causes all this, to see what strain our friend is bearing and share it in so far as patience, generous forbearance, will lighten it.

Think how selfish most of us have been in time gone by, how quick words have gone out to hurt hearts already hurt, when from us at least that particular cross friend had a right to hope for better things.

Do not make a very close examination of things in general and see whether you are not yourself more selfish than are your friends, and remember that the greatest generosity in this world is to have patience with others in their "selfishness," for in half the cases at least it is pain or worry, not real intended unkindness at all.—Philadelphia Times.

OUR JAWS NEED EXERCISE.

Lack of Mastication Causes Dyspepsia and Teeth Troubles.

Mastication is rapidly becoming a lost art, and, although we have become hardened to the fact that three-fourths of the dyspepsia is due to this cause, it might surprise some of us to know that the early decay of the teeth and diseases of the gums are occasioned by this same lack of maxillary exercise.

A disease of the gums, called Rigg's disease, which in every day becoming more common, is caused almost entirely by the want of proper mastication. Twenty-five years ago this trouble was not considered of any importance by the dentist on account of its rare occurrence.

Today it is given more care than the decay of the teeth, as he is frequently consulted by patients who have a full set of natural teeth which are quite loose in the jaw. Aside from this they are sound and healthy, and after a certain development in the disease nothing can be done to help them.

By lack of exercise the blood which should nourish both the bones and the gums is not carried to the part, nor does the blood carry sufficient material to the teeth; hence the enamel formed is defective, and early decay results. Frequently, too, the mechanical development of the jaw is arrested by this same want of motion.

Most of the food among the better class of people today is cooked so as to require very little mastication, and the consequence is that the muscles have become flabby, the jaws slender and the processes for the attachment of the muscles almost obliterated.—Boston Globe.

Concerning Appendicitis.

Dr. H. R. Lemen of Alton, Ills., says "I often meet people who have such a wholesome fear of appendicitis that they do not eat grapes, tomatoes, figs or fruits containing little seeds because of a fear that these seeds will lodge in the appendix and cause appendicitis.

"Whenever I hear a person say he denies himself fruits because of this fear I take occasion to assure him that it is useless to take any such precautions. If you like fruit, eat it, for appendicitis, seven in ten instances, is due to other things than seeds. Little particles of food of any kind can lodge in the appendix and produce appendicitis, even a bread crumb being capable of it. In addition, a great many cases are caused by something entirely outside the appendix, something causing the inflammation.

"To all I would say, 'Go ahead and eat anything you like, for all precautions you may take are not going to save you from appendicitis if you are going to have it.' The inexplicable things to which the majority of cases are attributable cannot be guarded against, and it is useless to fight the minority."

Sam Hodgkins' Will.

"Sam Hodgkins," says the Lewiston Journal, "was in his day and generation a much respected citizen of Hancock and, like his son Dudley, better known as Uncle Dudley, was well known all over the eastern portion of the county. An amusing story is told by some of his old acquaintances to an eastern Maine paper of how he once made his will. It happened to be done at a time when the old man was in one of his happiest and most generous moods, and, realizing no doubt the uncertainty of human life, concluded that he would bequeath to his seven sons—Dudley, Zachariah, Moses, Sam, Shem, Geo. and Elliot—his worldly goods and possessions.

"He was very anxious that the will should be legal and was careful lest any of his children might be left unmentioned in some way. So the old man drew up the instrument, in part like this, 'Half to Dud, half to Zack and all the rest to Moses. Shem is blind, Sam is poor, Geo. has moved to the Falls (Sullivan Falls) and Elliot is the baby.' As the will was never probated it answered the purpose just as well as any."

Bismarck and the French.

Bismarck had no great opinion of the French. He believed that they are too easily swayed by popular catchwords. "Talk to a Frenchman about liberty, equality and fraternity, tell him that his nation is the greatest in the world, and you can do anything with him. You can impress the French more than any other people if you tell them it is done in the name of freedom."

Asked his opinion in the case of a certain French spy, he said: "It's a sad case. You've got to hang him, but do it with the utmost politeness, so as not to hurt his feelings."—Exchange.

Spain's Sunken Ships Floated.

Perhaps the greatest mechanical feat of the century has been the raising of some of the Spanish warships which were sunk by Hobson to prevent Santiago. It seemed utterly impossible to float them because of the terrible damage inflicted by our guns, but the task has been accomplished. Disease of the blood sometimes and liver frequently wreck the health so that there appears to be no chance of recovery. But when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is taken, the disordered system speedily regains its old-time vigor and tone. This medicine will soon set the liver, bowels and digestive functions and purify the blood. You can buy this remedy in any drug store, and under no circumstances should you accept anything said to be "just as good."

Constipation prevents the body from ridding itself of waste matter. DeWitt's Little Early Riser will remove the trouble and cure sick headache, biliousness, torpid liver and clear the complexion. Small, sugar coated, don't gripe or cause nausea. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A cough is but like a fever. It does no good to cure a certain cure. Cure it quickly and effectually with One Minute Cough Cure, the best remedy for all throat and lung troubles. Pleasant to take, perfectly safe. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

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The Old Man Wondered Why.

A young man [illegible] to the [illegible] and some time ago was called to act as a gentleman of advanced years who was suffering from a slight complication of diseases. The doctor went to work with a will, and presently had the patient on the road to recovery. In [illegible] two weeks from the time he took the case he had him cured.

As he left the house, after announcing that further visits would be unnecessary, the daughter of the restored man accompanied him to the door.

"Doctor," she said in somewhat [illegible] tones, "I want to tell you—"

The doctor, who supposed she was anxious to express her gratitude for his skilled attention, waved her thanks aside.

"Don't mention it, madam," he affably said. "We always try to do our duty."

"But, doctor," she persisted, "it is something that will interest you. I feel that—"

"Say no more, madam," cried the doctor, much moved by the woman's agitation.

"It is something I must tell you, doctor," she continued. "Please listen."

The doctor inclined with his hand on the knob.

"Yesterday," said the woman, "I was down town and met Mrs. Pressley, the Christian Scientist, and she told me she had been giving father absent treatments for two weeks. Isn't it just too wonderful?"

"Good morning," said the doctor, dryly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Egyptian Dancing in Egypt.

The genuine native dancing girls perform in the little cafes that abound in the Arabian quarter. These places are usually small and about 30 men squatted around the seats that line the walls make a full house.

Here the Arabs come to smoke and drink coffee and hear the music, while in the center of the cafe the dancing girls perform. The places are filled with the smoke of the narghile and cigarettes, and the dreamy natives who lounge along the walls puff everlastingly on, barely noticing the girls who are weaving and swaying in the sinuous undulations of the dance to the time of a creepy tomtom and the mellow drone of a reed whistle. The dance is about the same as the one seen at the World's fair in Chicago divested of most of its offensive frillsomeness. There it was designed to startle and shock and come up to western notions of oriental depravity, while here on its native heath it is simply a dance that is as old as the country itself and to those who have been accustomed to it through generations of familiarity it is probably as tame as the quadrille. It is only the dance prepared for the tourist that distresses you and makes you think that the orient should be raided.—Chicago Record.

He Couldn't Understand It.

Bilkins and his wife occupied seats in the dress circle. The curtain had just gone up for the second act, the first scene showing the heroine in street costume. As Bilkins rested his gaze upon the woman his face wore a puzzled expression. Several times he took hurried glances at the programme he had in his hand. He became deeply interested that he attracted the attention of his wife.

"What do you see that interests you so?" inquired his wife. "She isn't pretty."

"May, isn't that the same hat that woman wore in the last act?" exclaimed Bilkins, seemingly ignoring his wife's question.

Mrs. Bilkins glanced in the direction of the stage.

"I think she is," she replied. "But what of it?"

"Oh, nothing, only it seems so odd!"

"What does?"

"Why, that she should still be wearing the same hat," explained Bilkins. "The programme says there is a lapse of two years between the first and second acts."—Chicago Tribune.

Eli Introduced to the Andersons.

Alf Clark of Hopkinsville was a local wag who, when Eli Perkins visited that town on one occasion, stood his fellow all afternoon long. He was to introduce Eli that night to the audience to which he was to lecture. When the time arrived, it was found that but few were present, owing to a heavy dash of rain that came up just before the hour set for the lecture. Clark took Eli by the arm and walked him gently to the footlights. Making a bow, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasant privilege to introduce to you tonight the lecturer of the evening, Mr. Eli Perkins. Judge Feland, this is Eli Perkins. Mrs. Colonel Smith, this is Eli Perkins. Mr. Hunter Wood, this is my friend, Mr. Perkins. Colonel Campbell, allow me; this is Mr. Perkins." Thus he continued until he had made the lecturer personally acquainted with each member of the audience.—Henderson Journal.

A Poor Shot.

"Don't be too hard on him now," remarked one clubman to another. "He assured me in the most positive manner that he always aims to tell the truth."

"Well, I'll be charitable, but if that fellow always aims to tell the truth I just want to say that he's a worse shot than any Spaniard that ever went to war."—Detroit Free Press.

Plasters and Cuts.

Although court plaster is useful in protecting small scratches or abrasions of the skin from harm, it should not be used over any considerable cut or wound in process of healing. These will heal much faster if simply covered with a bit of soft linen held in place at the ends with strips of surgeon's plaster.

No Elixir For Angels.

A little girl whose mother left her alone at night after telling her the room was full of angels was heard saying to her doll: "Now, dollie, you mustn't be afraid. The room is all full of angels. It beats the devil how afraid I am of angels."—Trained Motherhood.

The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better. Lingering colds are dangerous. Hacking cough is distressing. One minute Cough Cure quickly cures it. Who suffer when such a cough cure is within reach? It is pleasant to take.—A. B. Armstrong & Co.

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Indian Signal Service.

They Have Long Telephoned by the Use of Drums.

Travelers in uncivilized countries have often wondered how some savage tribes were able to transmit news for hundreds of miles with no apparent facilities for doing so. An interesting light is thrown on this subject by Jesse Black, who tells of the means by which the Indians on the Amazon communicate with each other at a distance. The natives live in groups of 100 to 200 persons in settlements half a mile or a mile apart. In each dwelling there is a wooden drum, which is buried for half its height in sand mixed with fragments of wood, bone and mica, and has a triple diaphragm of leather, wood and rubber. When this drum is struck with a wooden mallet, the sound travels far and is distinctly heard in the other drums in the neighboring dwellings.

It is beyond doubt that the transmission of the sound takes place through the earth, since the drums struck are scarcely audible outside of the house in which the instruments are placed. After a "malocca," or dwelling, has been "called up" by an initial blow conversation is carried on between the two drums. Mr. Black's explanation is that the communication is facilitated by the nature of the ground, the drum doubtless resting upon and the same stratum of rock, since transmission through ordinary alluvial earth could not be depended upon. Each method formed an ingenious modification of the process employed by Indians for perceiving distant noises, such as the gallop of a horse, which consists in applying the ear to the earth.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Uses of Adversity.

It is something now to discover that a bodily affliction can assist one in mastering the difficulties of learning a foreign language, but there is a case of the kind on record.

Miss Gertrude came down stairs one morning with red eyes, a swollen nose and a generally distressed appearance.

"What is the matter, Gertrude?" asked her mother.

"An awful cold in my head," she replied.

"I am very sorry," said her sympathizing parent.

"I was when I got up," cheerfully rejoined the young miss, "but I'm not now. I can get that French nasal sound exactly. Troy le-our. Bong sheer. How's that?"—Youth's Companion.

A Game Jockey.

The Sloane's gameness will never be questioned by those who saw him win a race on Walter in a nose finish at the old East St. Louis track some years ago. After the race Tod was hardly able to dismount. Then it was learned that he had broken an arm in the race. It seems that he was crowded against the fence in a jam around one of the turns, and broke his arm, switching the reins to his good arm, he rode the race out with great determination, putting up a "Garrison finish" and winning on the post by the narrowest possible margin. It was an exhibition of gameness the like of which was never before heard of in the history of the American turf.—Chicago Record.

Twisted Logic.

It is said that during the Irish rebellion of 1848 a bishop sent a request to a parish priest for information and received the reply: "The peace of the country in aforesaid faction fights are increasing."

A similar twist in logic is manifested in a message of congratulation received by Mr. Willis, on his election to the New South Wales parliament. The telegram from his agent read, "Gibraltar jubilant; heavy fighting; several hurt, including self."—London Chronicle.

Worthy of Worship.

"Paw gracious sake, dear boy, who was that common fellow you let shake your hand?"

"Dear boy, he may have a common look, but he has a great soul. He is the fellow who designs the new collars."—Indianapolis Journal.

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A man must reap as he sows. If he sows ill-health he will reap ill-health. If he neglects his health the weeds of disease will grow up and choke it.

It is a daily and hourly marvel that men will recklessly neglect their health, when a moment's thought should tell them that it is the surest road to speedy death. It lies in most every man's power to live to a green old age. If a man would only take the same care of himself that he does of his horse, or cow, or dog, he would enjoy good health. When a man owns a hundred-dollar horse, and it gets sick, he does not waste any time about doctoring him up. When his garden gets full of weeds, he doesn't delay about rooting them out, for he knows they will choke out his vegetables. When he is out of sorts, sick, nervous, headachey, has no appetite and is restless and sleepless at night, he pays little attention to it. The result is consumption, nervous prostration or some serious blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for hard working men. It gives edge to the appetite, facilitates the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. In cases of per cent. of all cases of lingering coughs, bronchial and throat affections, weak lungs, bleeding from lungs and kindred affections. Do not wait until the lungs are too far wasted to admit of being cured.

"As you know, five years ago the doctors had given me up to die with consumption," writes Mr. E. G. McKinney of Deepwater, Fayette Co., W. Va. "I took treatment from Dr. Pierce, and am entirely well now. I had taken steadily, as directed, his 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

THE TABLE

WESTERN NEW YORK PENNSYLVANIA

In effect April 10, 1898.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

For Bradford, Olean, Salamanca, Buffalo and the West: 8.55 a.m., 12.25 p.m., 5.30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

For Clermont and points south: 8.55 a.m. daily except Sunday.

For Clermont, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south: 8.55 a.m. daily except Sunday.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south: Mail, daily except Sunday, 1.30 p.m.

Mail, daily except Sunday, connects at Larrabee for Philadelphia, 5.30 p.m.

Local Time Tables giving full information from A. E. WORDEN, Ticket Agent.

R. PAUL, General Agent.

J. A. BEALER, Gen. Pass. Agt.

General Office, Kinzua Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mail and Express, Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. 27, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8.26 a. m.—Train 4, westbound, for Williamsport, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.30 p. m., New York 7.25 p. m., Baltimore 4.30 p. m., Washington 5.45 p. m. Parlor car to Harrisburg. Sleeping cars from Kane and Williamsport to Philadelphia and New York. Passengers can remain in sleeping car undisturbed until 7.30 a. m.

9.00 p. m.—Train 6, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.30 a. m., New York 9.25 a. m., Baltimore 6.30 a. m., Washington 7.45 a. m. Through sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington. Passengers can remain in sleeping car undisturbed until 7.30 a. m.

4.55 p. m.—Train 8, daily except Sunday, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and New York. Passengers can remain in sleeping car undisturbed until 7.30 a. m.

WESTWARD.

8.05 a. m.—Train 3, weekdays, for Erie, Ridgway, Du Bois, Clearfield and intermediate stations.

10.35 a. m.—Train 5, weekdays, for Erie and intermediate stations.

6.30 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays, for Erie and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 2 leaves New York 4.30 p. m., Philadelphia 6.55 p. m., Washington 4.40 p. m., Baltimore 5.50 p. m., arriving at Emporium 8.30 a. m. next morning; with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia, Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 7 leaves New York 7.30 p. m., Philadelphia 11.25 p. m., Washington 8.05 p. m., Baltimore 9.15 p. m., daily, arriving at Emporium 12.30 p. m., with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport, on Sundays only. Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 12 leaves Philadelphia 9.30 a. m., Washington 10.50 a. m., Baltimore 11.40 a. m., Harrisburg 1.30 p. m., daily, arriving at Emporium Junction 5.30 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Erie to Kane.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M.	Lv.	Ar. A. M.
8.55	Ridgway	11.20
9.10	Johnsonburg	11.05
9.20	Hensley	11.01
9.25	Glen Medel	10.56
9.35	Straight	11.06
9.40	Instanter	10.41
9.46	Smith's Run	10.36
10.00	Weedville	10.20
10.05	Clermont	10.15
A. M.	Ar.	A. M.

Connections are made with train 2, leaving Johnsonburg at 11.30 a. m. for Ridgway and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 5.05 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2.20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway

THE SHORT LINE

On and after Jan. 1, 1899, passenger trains between Buffalo, Rochester